

THE
Bull-Sinch
Being
A choice Collection
OF THE
Newest and Most favourite
English Songs
Which have been
Sett to Music and Sung at
The Public Theatres & Gardens.

Printed for R. Baldwin, in Pater Noster Row,
& John Wilkie, in S.^t Pauls Church Yard,
L O N D O N.



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T O T H E
P A T R O N S
O F T H I S
W O R K.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

THE great Candour with which you have received, as well, as the uncommon Generosity with which you have encouraged this Work, calls upon the Proprietors, in the most grateful Manner, to return their Thanks for the Obligations they owe you.

IT would be Presumption in them to assert, perhaps, that the extraordinary Merit of the Book itself has, in some Measure, occasioned your Attention to it, but in Justice they cannot help boasting however, that they have been informed by several good Judges, that no Collection of Songs, under any Denomination whatsoever, has hitherto appeared, that could vie with the BULL-FINCH, in the Novelty, Variety, Chastity, or Correctness of its Contents.

OF the first, namely, its Novelty, the Edition which we have the Honour to lay before the Publick, is an uncontrovertible Proof, since it comprehends, not only all the Songs and Ballads, sung last Summer at *Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, and Sadler's-Wells;*

A

but

but also all those of the former Seasons, which for the Beauty of their Words, or the Elegance of their Composition, are still sung in every private Company.

As to its Variety, what can be greater, since it is calculated alike to please all Sorts and Conditions of Readers.

AND as to the Chastity of its Contents, we have been particularly careful to avoid every thing possible to give Offence. But we know, there will not be wanting those that will say to the Innocent and Virtuous, that we have cast away, Poetry, Wit, Humour, and every brilliant Ornament, when we found them likely to be infectious through the Impropriety of their Subjects, or the Indecency of their Expressions.

IF any Lady or Gentleman will give themselves the Trouble to compare this with any other Song-Book extant, they will find a great Disparity in their Correctness, having employed a Person, at some Expence, to render this Edition scrupulously correct, so that we believe we may affirm the nicest Grammarian could not find Fault with it in this respect.

PERMIT us, to pay the Compliments of the Season; and at the same Time, that we wish your whole Lives may be a continual Concert of the sweetest, and purest Harmony, give us Leave to subscribe ourselves,

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Your Obligated Servants,

Jan. 1, 1760.

The EDITORS.

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THE
BULL-FINCH.
PART I.

SONG I.

A DIALOGUE.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenfon, and Mr.
Lowe, at Vaux-Hall Gardens.

DAPHNE.

TELL me, *Amintor*, gentle Swain,
Saw you my Love trip o'er the Plain?
Soon as the Sun brought on the Day,
From yonder Cot he stole away.

AMINTOR.

As I pass'd through yon distant Vill,
A Wake was kept beneath the Hill;
I heard the echoing Rocks resound,
For *Strephon* had his *Silvia* crown'd.

DAPHNE.

Then fly Regard, dissolve in Air,
For one that's false I'll scorn to care;
My Heart I'll give some better Swain,
Who has a Heart to give again.

AMINTOR.

Then fix it here, I'll own the Prize,
Amintor for his *Daphne* dies;
And longs in *Hymen's* Bands to prove,
With her the Sweets of mutual Love.

B

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

Methinks I've heard, or 'twas a Jest,
That *Flavia* reigns within your Breast;
What room then for a wretched Maid,
Who is rejected and betray'd?

AMINTOR.

Flavia, believe me, yester Morn,
Ere *Phæbus* brush'd the dewy Thorn,
By *Cinthio* to the Church was led,
Though bound to grace my nuptial Bed.

DAPHNE.

Then welcome Shepherd, haste away,
My Heart, and Hand, shall both obey.

BOTH.

While others dare inconstant prove,
Till Death forbids, we'll live, and love.

S O N G II.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

I Have rambl'd, I own it, whole Years up, and
down,
And sigh'd o'er each beautiful Nymph of the Town;
Such Fancies have plagu'd me, that oft in my Life,
I've been ready to start at the Name of a Wife.

But sham'd from my Fears, that have oft broke my
Rest,

And weary'd with roving, both cloy'd, and unblest;
I'll try to be happy the rest of my Life,
And venture, tho' late, yet at last, on a Wife.

Then farewell the Jilt, and the Fool, and the Bold,
I quit you with Pleasure before I grow old;
One Girl of my Heart I will take to for Life,
And enough of all Conscience, I think, is one Wife.

I'll search the Town over this fair One to find,
 Nor fickle, nor jealous, nor vain, nor unkind;
 Whose Wit, and good Humour, may hold it for Life,
 And then, if she'll have me, I'll make her my Wife.

'Tis time, that the Follies of Life had an End,
 And soon, nay, this Instant, I'm ready to mend;
 What Wonder there'll be, at so alter'd a Life,
 If you're wise, you, like me, will resolve on a Wife.

S O N G III.

*Set by Mr. Dubourg, Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at
 Vaux-hall.*

THE Lark's shrill Note awakes the Morn,
 The Breezes wave the ripen'd Corn;
 The yellow Harvest free from Spoil,
 Rewards the happy Farmer's Toil;
 The flowing Bowl succeeds the Flail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund Tale.

S O N G IV.

GREAT-BRITAIN for ever.

*Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.
 This Song also goes to the Tune of, Prince Eugene's March.*

HARK the loud Drum!
 Hark the shrill Trumpet sounds to Arms!
 Come, Britons, come,
 Prepar'd for War's Alarms.
 Whilst in Array we stand,
 What French Man dares to land;
 Sure, in th' Attempt, to meet his Doom,
 A leaden Death, or wat'ry Tomb.
 The Briton brave,
 On Land or Wave

Will Invaders defy,
Will repulse them or die,
And scorns to live a Slave.

Recall the Days
When bravely our Forefathers fought ;
When crown'd with Praise,
They Patriot Glory sought.
Bid their high Deeds inspire,
Bid *Magna Charta* fire !
Greatly they labour'd for our Good,
All Forms of Tyranny withstood:
These we defy,
On our own Strength rely ;
What *Briton* so base,
Wou'd his Country disgrace,
And from his Colours fly ?

Now Party Spite,
No more our Measures will oppose,
For all unite,
'Gainst our insulting Foes.
All then in *Chorus* sing,
Long live our gracious King !
Fill to *George* the sparkling Bowl,
Hand it round each loyal Soul !
Rise Patriot Fame !
Thy Glories praclaim,
Who his Sword boldly draws,
In his Country's Cause,
Will win a deathless Name.

S O N G V.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Vaux
hall.

NOW the Snow-drops lift their Heads,
Cowslips rise from dewy Beds ;

Silver Lillies paint the Grove,
Welcome *May*, and welcome Love.

Now the Bee, with pliant Wings,
Flow'ry Spoils, unwear'd brings ;
Spoils, that Nymphs, and Swains approve,
Soft as *May*, and sweet as Love.

Whilst a-down the slopy Hills,
'Trickle of the purling Rills ;
Balmy Sweets perfume the Grove,
May unbends the Soul to Love.

Long the icy Maid denies,
Nor regards her Shepherd's Sighs ;
Now your fond Petitions move,
May's the Season form'd for Love.

On the Fair that decks our Isle,
May each Grace, each Virtue smile ;
And our happy Shepherds prove,
Days of Ease, and Nights of Love.

S O N G VI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

NIGHT, to Lovers Joys a Friend,
Swiftly thy Assistance lend !
Lock up envious prying Day,
Bring the willing Youth away.

Haste, Oh ! speed the tedious Hours,
To the secret happy Bowers ;
Then my Heart for Blifs prepare,
Thyrsis surely will be there !

See the hateful Day is gone,
Welcome Evening now comes on ;

Soon to meet my Dear I fly,
None but Love shall then be by.

None shall dare to venture near,
'To tell the plighted Vows they hear;
Parting thence will be the Pain,
But we part to meet again.

Don't you feel a pleasing Smart,
Gently stealing to your Heart,
Fondly hope, and fondly sigh?
For my Shepherd oft do I.

Wish in *Hymen's* Bands to join,
I'll be your's, and you'll be mine;
'Tell me, *Thyrsis*, tell me this,
Tell me when, and tell me, yes.

Fare vel, loit'ring idle Day,
To my dear, I hie away;
On the Wings of Love I go,
He the ready Way will show.

Peace, my Heart, nor Danger fear,
Love, and *Thyrsis* both are near;
'Tis the Youth, I'm sure 'tis he,
Night, how much I owe to thee.

SONG VII.

VALENTINE'S *Day*.

*Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenson,
Vauxhall.*

WHEN last we parted on the Plain,
Fond *Damon* seem'd full loth to go;
He kiss'd, and said that soon again,
He'd come, and would not leave me so.

For that, says he, the Time is near,
 And then, my Love, I do design,
 It is the best Day in the Yeat,
 To come and be your Valentine.

I wish'd the tedious Hours to fly,
 And long'd the look'd-for Day to see;
 And as the Time grew still more nigh,
 How blest, thought I, must Nancy be !

The Morning came, and at my Door,
 I heard a Voice that said incline,
 For once, dear Girl, if never more,
 To me, and be my Valentine.

A thousand Fears disturb'd my Mind,
Thyrsis was there in *Damon's* Stead ;
 I thought the Youth was quite unkind,
 Nor knew what should be done or said.

I hop'd it cou'd not be a Sin,
 In spite to *Damon*, now not mine,
 To let the kinder *Thyrsis* in,
 And be the Shepherd's Valentine.

Nor what I did, do I repent,
 For fickle *Damon* soon as light,
 To *Lucy*, that same Morning, went,
 Nor has been since from out her Sight.

And *Thyrsis*, late but half-lov'd Swain,
 Is now both all, and only mine,
 I bless the Time that once was Pain,
 He came to be my Valentine.

S O N G VIII.

A LOYAL Song.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vaux-hall.

SEE Royal *Edward* land,
 See him on *Cherburg* Strand,
 Bravely advance!
 Third *Edward's* glorious Name,
 Bids emulate his Fame,
 And *Britons* Wrongs proclaim,
 Through bleeding *France*.

Pour Wine a copious rill,
 Next to bold *Amberst* fill,
Boscarwen——all!
 Swift from *America*,
 Drive, drive the *French* away,
 Sound forth with loud *Huzza*
Cape' Breton's Fall!

With *George* we'll close the Song,
 May Heav'n his Days prolong,
 A mighty Store!
 O'er *Britons* brave, and free,
 Who all as one agree,
 Flourish his Progeny,
 Till Time's no more.

S O N G IX.

Huzza for the Tars of Old England!

Sung by Mr. Atkins, at Sadler's Wells.

B*Ritannia* no longer, o'er Injuries dreams,
 For *France* now has suffered for all her fly
 Schemes, Mor-

Morblieu ! cry the Monfieurs ! indeed fo it feems,
 Oh the brave Tars of old *England*,
 And oh, the old *Engliſh* brave Tars !

Our *George*, like our *Henrys*, lo ! makes *France* to bow !
 Our Navy's our Bulwark, the World ſhall allow ;
 As long as we've *Bofcawen*, *Lockhart*, and *Howe*.
 Oh the brave Tars of old *England*,
 And Oh the old *Engliſh* brave Tars !

Behold our Prince *Edward*, in Glory's bright Way,
 See Conqueſt attends on his firſt bold Effay,
 Then let's for the Tars of old *England* Huzza !
 Oh the brave Tars of old *England*,
 And oh, the old *Engliſh* brave Tars !

S O N G X.

The New LILLY BULLERO, to the old Tune.

On the threatned Invaſion from France.

By Mr. LOCKMAN.

THE *French* are a coming, as News-writers ſay,
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.
 Will over our Herring-pond force their mad Way,
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.

Rodney graſp our Naval Thunders,
 Dart them at the faucy Foe ;
 Their flat-bottom Boats batter :
 Their Ships of War ſhatter :
 Sink them as the Centre low.

Excited by *Perkin* ſome came here to ſpy,
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.
 Beheld our rich Products with ravenous Eye,
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.

B ;

Theſe

These were not made for Invaders ;
 Slaves who bow to *Rome* the Knee :
 But for *Britons* hearty,
 Now all of a Party,
 Hating Soup meagre, and Tyranny.
 Could the *Monfieurs* prevail what dire Havock were
 here.

Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.
 A strange Metamorphosis soon would appear,
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.

Half-starv'd Crouds in wooden Shoes skating,
 Gibbets erected our Faith to destroy;
 Pale Nuns through Grates peeping,
 Sighing and weeping,
 Mad after a Man they must never enjoy.
 But take it for granted, some *Frenchmen* might land.
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.

What would their Fate be, when on our Strand,
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.

Hunted down by our new Militia,
 Soon they'd sad Peccavi cry.
 To some wooden Saint mutter,
 Curse, Morblieu ! and sputter,
 As on their Backs they sprawling lie.
 When *Pharoah* pursued *Israel* in the *Red-Sea*,
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.

O'erwhelm'd was his Host, and drowned was he,
 Lilly Bullero, Bullen a la.

Monfieurs ! the like Doom may await you,
 Should you our *British* Lion provoke.
 Your bouncing Armada,
 May prove Gasconada,
 And your grand Project vanish in Smoke.

SONG XI.

HONOUR.

Set by Dr. Boyce, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

THE Flame of Love sincere I felt,
 And skreen'd the Passion long ;
 A Tyrant in my Soul it dwelt,
 But Awe suppress'd my Tongue.

At length I told my dearest Maid,
 My Heart was fix'd upon her ;
 But think not I can love, she said ;
 I can't upon my Honour.

The Heart that once is roving caught,
 All prudent Nymphs distrust ;
 And must it for a youthful Fault,
 Be always deem'd unjust ?

So *Cælia* judg'd, so Sense decreed,
 And bid me still to shun her ;
 Your Suit, she said, won't here succeed,
 It won't upon my Honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
 I, with a Sigh, confess ;
 But thou who canst the Rake reclaim,
 My new-born Passion bless !

Had ev'ry Nymph, like *Cælia* prov'd,
 I could not have undone her ;
 On thee, bright Maid, thou best belov'd,
 I doat, upon my Honour.

A while the Nymph my Suit repres'd,
 My Constancy to prove,
 Then with a Blush consent express'd,
 And bless'd me with her Love.

To Church I led the blooming Fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her ;
 And now Life's sweetest Joys we share,
 We do, upon my Honour.

S O N G XII.

A DIALOGUE.

Set by Dr. Boyce, Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Miss Steven-
 son, at Vauxhall.

HE.

HASTE, haste, ev'ry Nymph, and each Swain
 to the Grove,

For *Venus* is there, 'tis the Season for Love ;
 Obey the kind Summons, for if she's defy'd,
 Your Boldness she'll conquer, and punish your Pride.

SHE.

Oh hear me, ye fair Ones, nor heedlessly run,
 The Path to Delight is the Road you should shun ;
 Fly far from the Grove if *Venus* be there,
 Her Summon is cruel, her Smiles are a Snare.

HE.

Sure Nature was never averse to Delight,
 Where Pleasure is present, Fear soon takes its Flight ;
 Proud Nymph, if by Kindness you cannot be warm'd,
 Remember that *Venus* her *Cupid* has arm'd.

SHE.

I fear not his Vengeance, his Bow, nor his Darts,
 'Tis credulous Folly that softens our Hearts ;
 But Virtue's the Shield, those Hearts can secure,
 And Passion's a Sickness Discretion can cure.

HE.

Discretion, why *Venus* would laugh at the Name,
 If once in your Bosom she kindles a Flame ;
 In spite of yourself, you would hie to the Grove,
 For Reason can't struggle 'gainst Nature and Love.

SHE.

SHE.

Go leave me, Deceiver, let Reason prevail,
'Gainst Nature and Passion let Fear turn the Scale.

BOTH.

Nay, Traitor, forbear, I'm to Honour a Slave,
Nay, fairest, be kinder, to Love I'm a Slave.

S O N G XIII.

*Set by Dr. Boyce, Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vaux-
hall.*

AS *Thyrsis* reclin'd by her Side he lov'd best,
With a Sigh, her soft Hand to his Bosom he
press'd,

While his Passion he breath'd in the Grove;
As the Bird to his Nest still returns for Repose,
As back to its Fountain the constant Stream flows,
So true and unchang'd is my Love.

Fo'er this Heart roves, or revolts from its Chains,
May *Ceres* in Rage quit the Vallies and Plains,
May *Pan* his Protection deny;
In vain wou'd young *Phillis* and *Laura* be kind,
In the Lips of another no Rapture I find,
With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he swore, but the Queen of the May,
Young *Jenny* the wanton, by Chance, tript that Way,
And sought sweet Repose in the Shade.

With Sorrow young Lovers I tell the sad Tale,
The Lass was alluring, the Shepherd was frail,
And forgot ev'ry Vow he had made.

To comfort the Nymph, and her Loss to supply,
The Form of *Alexis* young *Cupid* drew nigh,
Of Shepherds the Envy and Pride;

Ah!

Ah ! blame not the Maid if o'ercome by his Truth,
 Her Hand, and her Heart she bestow'd on the Youth,
 And the next Morn beheld her his Bride.

Learn rather from *Silvia's* Example, ye Fair,
 That a pleasing Revenge, should take Place of De-
 spair,

Give Sorrow and Care to the Wind;
 If faithful the Swain, to his Passion be true,
 If false, seek Redress in a Lover that's new,
 And pay each Inconstant in Kind.

S O N G XIV.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall

COME thou rosy dimpl'd Boy,
 Source of every heart-felt Joy ;
 Leave the blissful Bow'rs a while,
Paphos and the *Cyprian* Isle ;
 Visit *Britain's* rocky Shore,
Britons too thy Power adore ;
Britons hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy Laws, and bow to thee.
 Source of every Heart-felt Joy,
 Come thou rosy dimpled Boy !

Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away,
 This is Thine, and Hymen's Day ;
 Bid her thy soft Bondage wear,
 Bid her for Love's Rites prepare ;
 Let the Nymph with many a Flow'r,
 Deck the sacred Nuptial Bow'r ;
 Thither lead the lovely Fair ;
 And let Hymen too be there ;
 This is Thine and Hymen's Day,
 Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away !

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can Pleasure give ;

Pow

Power and Pomp and tinsel State,
 Those false Pageants of the Great ;
 Crowns and Scepters, envy'd Things,
 And the Pride of Eastern Kings ;
 Are but childish empty Toys,
 When compar'd to Love's sweet Joys ;
 Love alone can Pleasure give,
 Only when we love we live !

S O N G X V.

*Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenson, at
 Vauxhall.*

WHAT, is he gone ! and can it be,
 And is she then more fair than me ?
 The Sight of her, might give me Pain,
 Bring her not near me, fickle Swain :
 And since that you can leave me so,
 Go get you gone, for ever go.

O ! I in Rage could madly tear,
 This gaudy Ribbon from my Hair ;
 These hated Gifts I'd have him take,
 I'll wear no Baubles for his Sake ;
 I scorn the Gift and Hand untrue,
 For her they well enough may do.

How near was I (when with a Kiss
 He ask'd my Heart) to answer, Yes ?
 To hear him at the Altar say,
 Vows he'd have broke the soonest Day ?
 There he may love, and take his Fill,
 And swear to her just what he will.

A Rival's Power I now defy,
 She may be blest, and so will I ;
 Before 'tis long I'm sure to find,
 A Swain more suited to my Mind.

Now

Then farewell *Florio*, now for good.
I would not have you if I could.

S O N G X V I .
A C A N T A T A .

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

WAK'D by the Horn,
Like the Spring deck'd in Green ;
Betimes in the Morning the Hunters are seen ;
With Joy on each Brow they enliven the Place,
And impatiently wait to join in the Chace.

AIR.

From his close Covert rous'd, the Stag swiftly flies,
As the Arrow that's shot from the Bow ;
O'er Rivers and Mountains, all Dangers defies,
And fears nothing but Man his worst foe.
And now they trace him thro' the Copse,
Panting, struggling, see he drops !
Hark, rude Clamours rend the Skies,
While the dappled Victim dies !

RECITATIVE.

Thus *Britain's* Sons in *Harry's* Reign,
Pursu'd the trembling *Gaul* ;
Thro' Streams of Blood, o'er Hills of Slain,
And triumph'd in his Fall.
Now hostile Foes alarm,
Arm, arm, *Britannia* arm !

AIR.

Then away to the Field, 'tis great *George* gives the
Word,
Quit the Horn for the Trumpet, the Whip for the
Sword ;
Like our valiant Forefathers, stern Death let us face,
Be as glorious in War, as we are in the Chace.

S O N G

SONG XVII.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

ALL in her fair sequester'd Cell,
Where Happiness was wont to dwell,
Contentment sat, with down-cast Look,
And these, (or Words like these) she spoke.

AIR.

Genius of *Albion*! wake your Queen,
Lo! *Gallia* clouds the peaceful Scene!

AIR changes.

Bid her arise her Wrongs to see,
Protect herself, and cherish me!

RECITATIVE.

Britannia alarm'd, at Contentment's Request,
In a Voice that confess'd her, her People address.

AIR.

Cast the Olive Wreath off,
Arm, ye *Britons*, advance,
Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drum,
Point your Thunders at *France*.
Be brave, and convince them, their Efforts are
vain,
For that *George* King of *England*, is King of the
Main;
And that, like your Forefathers, these Heroes of
old,
As you're born to be free, you've the Sense to be
bold.

SONG

SONG XVIII.

*The HONEST CONFESSION.**Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Miss Formantell, at Ranelagh.*

MY Mother cries, *Betty* be shy,
 Whenever the Men wou'd intrude;
 I knew not her Meaning, not I;
 But I'd take her Advice if I cou'd.

Alexis slept up t'other Day,
 To kiss me, and ask'd if he shou'd;
 Pray what cou'd a Shepherdess say?
 But I'd fain have said no——if I cou'd.

My Mother remembers the Time,
 When she, like a Vestal was mew'd;
 Now this I conceive was a Crime,
 And I'd not be serv'd so, if I cou'd.

If free with *Alexis*, she'll chide,
 She says, perhaps he may be rude;
 I will not pretend to decide,
 But I fancy he wou'd—if he cou'd,

Last *May* Morn I tript o'er the Plain,
 He saw me and quickly pursu'd;
 I heartily laugh'd at the Swain,
 I'd catch you, he cry'd,—if I cou'd.

Well, soon he overtook my best Haste,
 And swore he'd be constant and good;
 I vow I'll live decent and chaste,
 But I'd marry the Swain—if I cou'd.

SONG

S O N G X I X.

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

L E T the Philosophick Wife
 Preach up Rules the gay despise;
 Let the hoary bearded Sage,
 Censure Follies of the Age;
 Yet whilst rich the vital Tide,
 Pleasure thou shalt be my Guide;
 Live oh ! Goddess, live with me,
 All in sweet Variety.

Dwell thou, Love, within my Breast,
 Just enough to make me blest;
 Let thy Sweets incessant spring,
 But protect me from thy Sting:
 Be the Passions unconfin'd,
 Under no Restraint the Mind;
 But like Birds, as fond, and free,
 Pleas'd with dear Variety.

Keep, O *Plutus*, all thy Wealth,
 Give me Competence and Health;
 Care surrounds the Miser's Hoard;
 Pain succeeds the Spendthrift's Board.

Bacchus, in thy rosy Bowl,
 Let me slake my thirsty Soul;
 But let Reason teach in thee,
 Reason prompts Variety.

Life on Wings of Joy shall haste,
 Gloomy Thoughts the Minutes waste;
 We should punish Care and Fear,
 Fate predestines all Things here:
 Hail to Friendship, Beauty, Wine,
 These make transient Life Divine;
 May they ever live with me,
 All in dear Variety!

S O N G

SONG XX.

JENNY GREY.

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

BRING *Phæbus* from *Parnassian* Bow'rs,
 A Chaplet of poetick Flow'rs,
 That far out-bloom the *May*;
 Bring Verse so smooth, bring Thoughts so free,
 And all the Muses Heraldry,
 To blazon *Jenny Grey*.

Observe yon Almond's rich Perfume,
 Preventing Spring with early Bloom,
 In ruddy tints, how gay !

Thus foremost of the blushing Fair,
 With such a blithsome, buxom Air,
 Blooms lovely *Jenny Grey*.

The merry chirping plummy Throng,
 The Rushes, and the Twigs among,
 That pipe the *Sylvan* Lay ;
 All hush'd at her delightful Voice,
 In silent Extasy rejoice,
 And study *Jenny Grey*.

Ye balmy Odour-breathing Gales,
 That lightly sweep the green-rob'd Vales,
 And in each Rose Bush play;
 I know ye all, you're arrant Cheats,
 And steal your more than mortal Sweets,
 From lovely *Jenny Grey*.

Pomona, and that Goddess bright,
 The Florist's, and the Maid's Delight,
 In vain their Charms display ;
 The luscious Nectarine, juicy Peach,
 In Richness, nor in Sweets can reach
 The Lips of *Jenny Grey*.

To the fair Knot of Graces Three,
 Th' immortal Band of Bards agree,
 A tuneful Tax to pay ;
 There yet remains of matchless Worth,
 There yet remains, a lovelier Fourth ;
 And she is *Jenny Grey*.

S O N G X X I .

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Miss Formantell, at Ranelagh.

Beneath this Grove, this silent Shade,
 Come *Damon* to thy gentle Maid,
 What other Nymph would live like me ?
 For Oh ! thou'rt all Inconstancy.

You us'd to talk of Love and Blifs,
 And often figh'd my Lips to kifs ;
 But roving now is sweeter Glee,
 And thou art all Inconstancy.

Here fragrant Flowrets sweetly spring,
 The feather'd Choir in Concert sing ;
 Yet vain is what I hear, and see,
 Since *Damon's* all Inconstancy.

The am'rous Doves now bill and coo,
 And so, false *Damon*, so can you ;
 But can't, like them, contented be ;
 Thy sole Delight's Inconstancy.

Ye simple Fair, believe not Man,
 They all proceed on *Damon's* Plan ;
 Then from the Sex your Heart keep free,
 And love, like them, Inconstancy.

S O N G

S O N G XXII.

To CÆLIA.

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

THE Eye that beams with lambent Light,
 The crimson Cheek that glads the Sight,
 The Shape, the Mein, the Air ;
 With these to sooth Man's ruder Breast,
 With these, by Blessing to be blest,
 The Gods adorn'd the Fair.

Hence each poetick Genius sings,
 Sweet Beauty tunes th' embosom'd Strings,
 And wakes th' enraptur'd Soul ;
 The magick Pow'r of Form, and Face,
 Ordain'd the gentler Sex to grace,
 Refounds from Pole to Pole.

But shall not Charms so honour'd last ?
 No ; soon as Youth's short Summer's past
 They're veil'd in Time's disguise ;
 Thus blushing *Flora's* darling Flow'r,
 That scents the aromattick Bow'r,
 Buds, bursts to Bloom, and dies.

Then, ah ! how vain is Female Pride,
 Shall she who's crown'd with Sense confide
 In such uncertain Pow'r,
 No ; she reveres the milder Way,
 Reserv'd, tho' free, tho' modest, gay,
 And blooms to Life's last Hour.

Do thou, my fair One, in whose Mind,
 Each social, moral Virtue's join'd,
 The Nymph of Sense appear ;
 Then when the Charms of Youth are o'er,
 The Wife will *Cælia* still adore,
 Thoul't still be lovely here.

SONG XXIII.

LOVE and REASON.

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

HENCE painful Pleasure, pleasing Pain,
 Resign, Oh! Love, thy Throne;
 Come, Reason, I obey thy Reign,
 And own thy Pow'r alone.

Disdaining Love, from hence I'll live,
 Unmov'd by all the Fair;

False *Delia's* Smiles no Joys shall give,
 Nor yet her Frowns Despair.

This Vow *Philander* scarce had made,
 When on the verdant Plain;

Fair *Delia* with each Grace array'd,
 Approach'd the Love-sick Swain.

In vain, with sudden Transport fir'd,
 For Reason's Aid he strove;

He flew to her, he long admir'd,
 And own'd the Pow'r of Love.

AIR changes.

Then against the tender Passion,
 Let us not our Pow'r employ;

But give Way to Inclination,
 Taste of Love and taste of Joy.

For on Reason's Aid relying,
 Vain will all our Efforts prove;

Custom with this Truth complying,
 Reason is too weak for Love.

SONG

S O N G XXIV.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Miss Formantell, at Ranelagh.

OH! *Damon*, believe not your *Jenny* untrue,
Nor think that she's false and inconstant to you
Think yon tow'ring Mount of itself shall remove,
Ere *Damon* you doubt of the Truth of my Love.

Yon clear crystal Stream shall the Mountains o'erflow
And on the hard Rock the pale Primrose shall blow
In Quest of the Lion the Lambkin shall range,
Ere *Jenny's* fix'd Passion shall lessen or change.

Upon the smooth Green when the Shepherds advance
To hail May's Return with the Tabor and Dance;
If *Damon* is absent, I quit the glad Throng,
And join my Complaint with the Nightingale's Song.

The Pain which I suffer my Flocks seem to know
And frolick, and play, as to lessen my Woe;
I cry, cease, dear Lambkins, your sporting and play
You cannot delight while my *Damon's* away.

No Toil shall discomfort, while *Damon's* in Sight,
And the Sun's piercing Rays, can in Summer delight
And Winter's rude Tempests shall still find me gay,
For blest with my Shepherd each Month will be May.

S O N G XXV.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenson, Vauxhall.

WHERE's my Swain, so blythe and clever
Why d'ye leave me all in Sorrow?

Three whole Days are gone for ever,
 Since you said you'd come To-morrow.

If you lov'd but half as I do
 You'd been here with Looks so bonny;
 Love has flying Wings I well know,
 Not like ling'ring lazy *Johnny*.

What can he be now a doing?
 Is he with the Lasses maying?
 Better he had here been wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.

Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer Sorrow;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite Rival hide him?
 Let her be the happy Creature;
 I'll not plague myself to chide him,
 Nor dispute with her a Feature:

But I can't nor will not tarry,
 No, nor kill myself with Sorrow;
 I may lose the Time to marry,
 If I wait beyond To-morrow.

Think not, Shepherd, thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, away no longer;
 If you won't, another'll have me,
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.

If your Lovers, Girls, forsake you,
 Whine not in Despair and Sorrow;
 Blest another Lad may make you;
 Stay for none beyond To-morrow.

C

SONG

SONG XXVII.

NUMBERLESS KISSES.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall Gardens.

COME, *Chloe*, and give me sweet Kisses,
For sweeter no Girl ever gave;
But why in the midst of my Bliss,
Dost ask me how many I'd have?

I'm not to be stinted in Pleasure,
Then, pr'ythee, dear *Chloe*, be kind;
For since I love thee beyond Measure,
To Numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the Bees that in *Hybla* are playing,
Count the Flowers that enamel the Fields;
Count the Flocks that in *Tempe* are straying,
And the Grain that rich *Sicily* yields.

Count how many Stars are in Heaven,
Go number the Sands on the Shore,
And when so many Kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold thee,
A Heart, which, dear *Chloe*, is thine;
In my Arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle thee round, like a Vine.

What Joy can be greater than this is?
My Life on your Lips shall be spent:
The Wretch that can number his Kisses,
Will always with few be content.

S O N G XXVIII.

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Miss Formantel, at Ranelagh.

ONE Midsummer Morning when Nature look'd
gay,

The Birds full of Song, and the Flocks full of Play;
When Earth seem'd to answer the Smiles from above,
And all Things proclaim'd it the Season of Love;
My Mother cried, *Nancy*, come haste to the Mill,
If the Corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.

The Freedom to use my Tongue, pleas'd me, no
doubt,

A Woman alas! would be nothing without :
I went towards the Mill without any Delay,
And conn'd o'er the Words I determin'd to say;
But when I came near it, I found it stock still,
Bless my Stars now! cry'd I, huff them rarely I will.

The Miller to Market that Instant was gone,
The Work it was left to the Care of his Son;
Now though I can scold well as any one can,
I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young Man;
I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill,
I must have my Corn ground, I must and I will.

Sweet Maid, cry'd the Youth, the Fault is not mine,
No Corn in the Town I'd grind sooner than thine;
'There's no one more ready in pleasing the Fair,
The Mill shall go merrily round I declare.
But hark how the Birds sing, and see how they bill,
I must have a Kiss first, I must and I will.

My Corn being done, I towards home bent my Way,
He whisper'd he'd something of Moment to say;
Insisted to hand me along the green Mead,
And there swore he lov'd me indeed, and indeed!

And that he'd be constant, and true to me still,
And since that Time I've lik'd him, and like him I
will.

I often say, Mother, the Miller I'll huff,
She laughs, and cries, go Girl, ay plague him enough;
And scarce a Day passes but by her Desire,
I get a sly Kifs from the Youth I admire.
If Wedlock he wishes, his Wish I'll fulfil,
And I'll answer, O yes, with a hearty good Will.

S O N G XXIX.

The Accident.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, at Sadler's Wells.

AS t'other Day milking I sat in the Vale,
Young *Damon* came up, to address his soft
Tale,

So sudden, I started, and gave him a Frown,
For he frightened my Cow, and my Milk was kick'd
down.

Lord bless me, says I, what a Duce can you mean,
To come thus upon me, un-thought of, un-seen;
I ne'er will approve of the Love you pretend,
For as Mischief began, perhaps Mischief may end.

I little thought now, he'd his Passion advance;
But pretty Excuses made up the Mischance;
He beg'd a kind Kifs, which I gave him, I vow,
And I laid, my own self, all the Fault on my Cow.

How many Ways Love can the Bosom invade,
His Bait prov'd too strong, alas! for a Maid;
He hinted that Wedlock was what he'd be at,
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all over when e'er he comes nigh,
For if he shou'd press, I shou'd surely comply:

And

And ne'er shall be angry, my Heart itself tells,
Though he flings down my Milk, or does any thing
else.

S O N G XXX.

TIT for TAT.

Sung by Mr. Atkins, at Sadler's Wells.

YOUNG *Daphne* made *Damon* a Dupe to her
Pride,

He'd sigh, and he'd storm, and he'd soothe, and he'd
chide;

I wonder the fair Ones so cruel can be,
Had I been a Damsel, I'm sure he'd won me:

But all her Return to his amorous Chat,
Was, yes, to be sure! oh, I love you for that!

He told her, her Eyes shone more bright than the
Day,

And all such soft Things, as all soft Lovers say;
That Passion despis'd, would to Age turn his Youth,
And that he should die, which was certainly Truth;
Yet though he still put in his Pleadings so pat,
'Twas, yes, to be sure, oh! I love you for that!

Now finding his Courtship was on a weak Plan,
He threw off the Lover, and put on the Man;
And while they both shelter'd one Noon in the Bow'r,
Swore boldly by *Jove*, he would have her that Hour;
She flown'd, and strait flying the Place where he sat,
Cry'd, yes, to be sure! oh I love you for that!

But *Damon* soon clasp'd the Nymph fast in his Arms,
And swore that his Flame shou'd be crown'd with her
Charms,

That Joy to wound Virtue, his Heart was above;
How good we all grow, when we're hamper'd in
Love!

He forc'd her to Church, gave her Tit for her Tat,
And now, there's no doubt, but she loves him for that.

S O N G XXXI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenson.

I MET in our Village a Swain t'other Day,
He stop'd me, and beg'd me a Moment to stay;
Then blush'd, and in Language I ne'er heard before,
He talk'd much of Love, and some Pains that he
bore:

But what was his Meaning I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor Heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each Morning the Jessamine, V'ilet and Rose,
He brings me, with ev'ry sweet Flower that grows;
The sweetest, and gayest he picks from the rest,
And begs me to wear the fine Things in my Breast:
But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor Heart feels I cannot tell how.

At my Feet the young Shepherd for ever I see,
Protesting he never lov'd any but me;
He gazes with Transport and kisses me too,
And swears that he'll ever be constant and true;
But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, a'as! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the Tears streaming fast from his Eyes,
And hear him, poor Youth, breathe a thousand of
Sighs;

He tells me no Nymph in the World is like me,
Nor Shepherd alive so unhappy as He:
But what is his Meaning I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear Shepherd to me thus complain,
And say, that my Eyes are the Cause of his Pain;

Indeed

Indeed ever since his sad Fate I deplore,
 And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more.
 I'll do all I can to relieve him I vow,
 If he will be so kind, as to teach me, but how.

S O N G XXXII.

APRIL FOOL.

Sung by Mr. Atkins, at Saddler's Wells.

W H E N *April* Day began to rise,
 I saunter'd o'er the verdant Mead;
 And lovely *Sally* cast her Eyes,
 Where'er my vagrant Footsteps led.
 As full of Mirth appear'd the Fair,
 Upon the Margin of a Pool;
 She beckon'd, but as I drew near,
 She laugh'd and call'd me *April Fool*.
 I shook my poor unthinking Head,
 That never dream'd of *April Day*;
 However to myself I said,
 Young Maid, I'll soon this Trick repay.
 She ask'd me why I stupid stood,
 Like some poor frighted Boy at School,
 Because the Goddess of the Flood,
 Says I, makes me an *April Fool*.
 Oh la! said she, fine Words indeed,
 Enough to turn a Maiden's Heart;
 Come, *Colin*, sound thy oaten Reed,
 And play a Love Tune ere we part.
 I drew my Pipe, which pleas'd her well,
 Nor wou'd I let her Fondness cool;
 I laid her down, but must not tell,
 How she was made an *April Fool*.

SONG XXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Mrs. Chambers, in the Contrivances.

HE.

HA S T E, haste and away, my only Dear,
Make haste, and away, away ;
For all at the Gate
Thy true Lover does wait,
Then pr'ythee make no Delay.

SHE.

Oh ! how shall I steal away, my Love,
Oh ! how shall I steal away ?
My Daddy is near,
And I dare not for Fear,
Pray come then another Day.

HE.

Oh ! this is the only Day, my Dear,
Oh ! this is the only Day ;
I'll draw him aside,
While you thro' the Gates wide,
And then you may steal away.

SHE.

'Then pr'ythee make no Delay, my Dear ;
'Then pr'ythee make no Delay ;
We'll serve him a Trick,
For I'll slip in the Nick,
And with my true Love away.

TOGETHER.

Oh ! *Cupid*, befriend a loving Pair,
Oh ! *Cupid* befriend us, I pray ;
Make our Stratagem take,
For thine own sweet Sake,
And Amen let all true Lovers say.

SONG

S O N G XXXIV.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

HE that a Cuckold is, let it not grieve him,
For in his Wants there is one to relieve him ;
He may sleep quietly when his Wife's waking,
And may be free from Care, void of Pains taking :
And his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The Captain upon the Sea, prays for fair Weather,
While his Wife and his Mate sail both together ;
Star-gazing on her Back, at the Moon's Motion,
While the poor Cuckold is at his Devotion ;
Yet his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey, were both of them horned.

The Merchant upon the Sea searching for Treasure ,
What tho' his Merchandize be out of Measure ;
Yet if he kifs a Girl, while he is ranging,
His Wife repays him a Bill of Exchange, in.
But his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey, were both of them horned.

The greatest Lawyer that ever was sent us,
Often returns his Wife, *non est inventus* ;
And though he never so wise in his Place is,
She will still find that a Flaw in his Case is ;
Yet his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey, were both of them horned.

The greatest Statesman, that e'er was applauded,
Need not to laugh at a Citizen horned ;
For if 'tis true, as in ancient Relations,
The City Dames, still obey the Court Fashions ;
Yet his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey, were both of them horned.

While the poor Parson with Zeal is expounding,
 Telling the People their Sins are abounding ;
 Some one, perhaps, pays his Tythes to his Wife,
 Heedless of Rules for Amendment of Life ;
 Yet his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey*, were both of them horned.
 You that are Cuckolds, let this be your Comfort,
 There are few others between this and *Rumford* ;
 Brethren all in a Row, shake Hands together,
 And never disdain to wear the Bull's Feather ;
 For your Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey*, were both of them horned.

S O N G XXXV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

THE Breed came forth frae the Barn,
 And she was diting her Cheeks ;
 How can I be married to-day,
 That ha' neither Blankets, ne Sheets ;
 That ha' neither Blankets, ne Sheets,
 And wants a Covering too,
 The Breed that has aw Things to borrow,
 Has e'en reet muckle to do.
 Woo'd and Marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw,
 And was she not very weel off ;
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw.
 What is the Matter, quoth *Wolly*,
 Though we be scant o' Claiths ;
 We's creep the claiser together,
 And drive awaw the Fleas.
 The Summer is coming on,
 And we's get Pickles a Woo,
 We's see a Lafs of our ain,
 And she'll spin Blankets enow.
 Woo'd and Marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Mother,
 The Deel stick aw this Pride ;
 I had ne a Plack in my Pocket,
 The Day I was made a Breed.
 My Gown was linsy-winsy,
 And ne'er a Sark at aw,
 And you ha' Gowns and Buskins,
 Mair than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and Marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Fether,
 As he came in frae the Plough ;
 Hawd your Tongue, my Daughter,
 And ye'se get Geer enough.
 The Stirk that gaus in the Tether,
 And our brawd Bassen Yade,
 To lade your Corn in Harvest ;
 What wad you ha' you Jade ?
 Woo'd and Marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Brother,
 As he came hance frae the Kye ;
Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,
 Had he knawn you, as weel as I.
 For you'r baith proud, and saucy,
 Ne fit for a pure Mon's Wife,
 Gin I neer ha' better than you,
 I'se neer ha' ane in my Life.
 Woo'd and Marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Sister,
 As she sat down by the Fire,
 O gin I were married to-Neet,
 'Tis aw that I'd desire.
 But I, pure Girl, must live sngle,
 And do the best I can ;
 I did not care what came o' me,
 So I had but a gude Man.

Woo'd and Marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw,
 And was she not very well off,
 To be woo'd and Marry'd and aw.

S O N G XXXVI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

Young Molly who lives at the Foot of the Hill,
 And whose Fame ev'ry Virgin, with Envy does
 fill,

Of Beauty is bless'd with so ample a Share,
 That Men call her the Lads with the delicate Air.

One Ev'ning, last *May*, when I travers'd the Grove,
 In thoughtless Retirement, not dreaming of Love;
 I chanc'd to espy the gay Nymph, I declare,
 And really she'd got a most delicate Air.

By a murmuring Brook, by a green mossy Bed,
 A Chaplet composing, the fair One was laid;
 Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
 With Raptures to gaze on her delicate Air.

That Moment young *Cupid* selected a Dart,
 And pierc'd, without Pity, my innocent Heart;
 And from thence how to win the dear Maid was my
 Care;

For a Captive I fell to her delicate Air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I was
 rude,

And beg'd of all Things that I would not intrude;
 I answer'd, I cou'd not tell how I came there;
 But laid all the Blame on her delicate Air:

Said her Heart was the Prize which I sought to obtain
 And hop'd she wou'd grant it to ease my fond Pain.
 She neither reject'd, nor granted my Pray'r,
 But fir'd all my Soul with her delicate Air.

A thou-

A thousand Times since I've repeated my Suit,
 But still the Tormentor affects to be mute ;
 Then tell me, ye Swains, who have conquer'd the
 Fair,
 How to win the dear Lads with the delicate Air.

S O N G XXXVII.

*Sung by Miss Macklin to the Guittar, in the English-
 man in Paris.*

THere lived a Man in *Ballymecrazy*,
 Who wanted a Wife to make him uneasy ;
 Long had he sigh'd for dear *Ally Croaker*,
 And thus the gentle Youth bespoke her :
 Arrah, will you marry me, dear *Ally Croaker*,
 Arrah, will you marry me, dear *Ally Croaker* ?

This artless young Man, just come from the Schoolery,
 A Novice in Love, and all its Foolery ;
 Too dull for a Wit, too grave for a Joaker,
 Thus in gentle Strains bespoke her :
 Arrah, will ye marry me, &c.

He drank with the Father, he talk'd with the Mo-
 ther,
 He rompt with the Sister, and gam'd with the Bro-
 ther,
 He gam'd 'till he pawn'd his Coat to the Broker,
 Which lost him the Heart of his dear *Ally Croaker*.
 Oh ! the fickle, &c.

To all ye young Men who are fond of Gaming,
 Who spend your Money, while others are saving ;
 Fortune's a Jilt, the Devil may choak her,
 A Jilt more inconstant than dear *Ally Croaker*.
 Oh ! the fickle, fickle *Ally Croaker*.
 Oh ! the fickle, fickle *Ally Croaker* !

S O N G

S O N G XXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

I Told my Nymph, I told her true,
 My Fields were small, my Flocks were few;
 While fault'ring Accents spoke my Fear,
 That *Flavia* might not prove sincere.

Of Crops destroy'd by vernal Cold,
 And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold;
 Of these she heard, yet sore to hear,
 And was not *Flavia* then sincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle Wind,
 The Friends I lov'd became unkind;
 She heard and shed a gen'rous Tear,
 And is not *Flavia* then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my Love to bless,
 My *Flavia* must not hope for Drefs;
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear,
 And *Flavia* sure must be sincere.

Go shear your Flocks, ye jovial Swains,
 Go reap the Plenty of your Plains;
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my *Flavia*'s Love's sincere.

S O N G XXXIX.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

A S I went o'er the Meadows, no matter the Day,
 A Shepherd I met who came tripping that Way
 I was going to Fair all so bonny and gay.
 He ask'd me to let him go with me there,
 No Harm shall come to you, young Damsel, I swear
 I'll buy you a Fairing to put in your Hair.

You've

You've a good Way to go, it is more than a Mile,
 We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon stile,
 I've a Story to tell, that will charm you the while.
 To go with him farther, I did not much care,
 But still I went on, not suspecting a Snare,
 For I dream'd of a Fairing to come from the Fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he cou'd,
 I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good,
 For I'd not for the World he should dare to be rude.
 Young *Roger*, had promis'd, and baulk'd me last
 Year,
 If he should do so I wou'd go no more there,
 Though I long'd e'er so much for a Gift from the
 Fair.

When we got to the Stile he wou'd scarce be said, no,
 He prest my soft Lips, as if there he wou'd grow,
 Take Care how that Way with a Shepherd you go.
 Confounded I ran, when I found out his Snare,
 No Ribbon, I cry'd, from such Hands will I wear,
 Nor go while I live for a Gift to the Fair.

S O N G X L.

*Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vaux-
 hall.*

THE Moon shone forth serenely bright,
 And all the lesser Stars gave Light,
 To witness *Calia's* Shame;
 Ye highly injur'd Gods declare,
 The tender Oath ye heard her swear,
 That blotted all her Fame.

She swore while Wolves the Lambs destroy,
 Or dread *Orion's* Storms annoy,
 The Bark in Winter's Sea;

While Zyphirs fans *Apollo's* Locks,
Or Shepherds pipe to fleecy Flocks,
Our Love should mutual be.

Yet *Cælia* may repent too late ;
For slighted Love, soon turns to Hate,
And *Strephon* will disdain ;
The Nymph who basely shares her Heart,
And gives an envy'd Rival Part,
To give her Lover Pain.

To you, who mocking, hear my Sighs,
And quaff Love's Nectar from her Eyes,
This sacred Truth I tell ;
Shou'd *Cupid* lend thee all his Power,
She'll still watch some unguarded Hour,
And bid thee too farewell.

S O N G XLI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stephenson,
Vaux-hall.

ALL Attendants apart,
I examin'd my Heart,
Last Night when I laid me to rest ;
And, methinks, I'm inclin'd,
To a Change of my Mind,
For you know second Thoughts are the best.
To retire from the Crowd,
And make ourselves good,
By avoiding of ev'ry Temptation,
Is in Truth to reveal,
What we'd better conceal,
That our Passions want some Regulation.
It will much more redound
To our Praise, to be found,

In a World so abounding with Evil,
 Unspotted and pure,
 Tho' not so demure,
 To wage open War with the Devil.

In bidding farewell
 To the Nymphs of the Cell,
 I'll prepare for a militant Life,
 And if brought to distress,
 Why then I'll confess,
 And do Pennance in Shape of a Wife.

S O N G XLII.

*Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenson, at
 Vauxhall.*

WHEN tutor'd under Mamma's Care,
 Such Charms I did inherit;
 She gave strict Charge that none should dare,
 To curb my growing Spirit.

My Neck and Bosom ne'er were hid,
 Romances ever reading;
 To hold my Head up I was bid,
 That I might shew my Breeding.

By Turns I play'd the Flirt, and Prude,
 Affected Joy, and Sorrow;
 And what to-day was monstrous rude,
 I thought polite to-morrow.

By Dukes and Earls I was address'd,
 Each Fop sure of succeeding;
 Of every one I made a Jest,
 That I might shew my Breeding.

Young *Damon* too confess'd a Flame,
 And Rivals he had many;

An

But though I us'd him just the same,
I lik'd him best of any.

With Tears and Sighs he often swore,
For me his Heart was bleeding;
I only plagu'd him still the more,
That I might shew my Breeding.

Enrag'd he vow'd to break his Chain,
And fly to smiling *Kitty*;
I cou'd not bear to meet Disdain,
For one not half so pretty;

With gentle Words I bid him stay,
For Pardon fell to pleading;
We went to Church, and from that Day,
I shew'd him better Breeding.

SONG XLIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxha

STINT me not in Love or Wine,
I'll have full Draughts of either;
Round me springs the mantling Vine,
Bacchus haste thee hither.

See, see the Grape bleeds to replenish my Cup,
I'll drink it *Silenus*; I'll drink it all up:
And tho' my Feet stagger, and tho' my Eyes roll,
Ye *Bacchanals* bring me another full Bowl.

Truce with your Bumpers; *Venus* now,
The ruddy Victor chaces;
Send some Nymph with graceful Brow,
To my warm Embraces.

See blooming young *Hebe* is now on the Wing,
As ripe as full Summer, as wanton as Spring;
Ye Fairies and Dryads far hence from the Grove,
'Tis Silence and Gloom that is sacred to Love.

Steering thus from Joy to Joy,
 Careful Thoughts I banish ;
 Time this Flame shall ne'er destroy,
 Others blaze and vanish.

Grace, and Satyrs my Chaplet prepare,
 With Myrtle and Ivy come bind up my Hair,
 While I in due Justice, your Pains will requite,
 By drinking all Day, and by loving all Night.

S O N G XLIV.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung by Miss Stevenson, at
 Vauxhall.

BRIGHT Sol, at length, by *Thetis* woo'd,
 Is sunk beneath the Western Flood ;
 And now within yon sacred Grove,
 Hasten to meet the Youth I love.
 Reclin'd beneath the Beechen Shade,
 While Zephyrs whisper round his Head ;
 Methinks I hear him sighing say,
 Come, lovely *Cælia*, haste away.
 Come, my *Damon*, fraught with Joy,
 Swift as the Mountain Deer I fly ;
 Within thy faithful Arms to lay,
 And love the Cares of Life away.
 There will I vow, dear, gen'rous Youth,
 To love thee with eternal Truth ;
 Firm as great Heaven's unchang'd Decree,
 And keep my spotless Heart for thee.
 By that fond Heart, the truest, best,
 That ever warm'd a Virgin's Breast ;
 By that fond Heart, dear Youth, I swear,
 Thou, only thou, art treasur'd there.
 There shalt thou ever, dearest Swain,
 In Bosom's faithful Inmate reign ;

While

While oft I say, what all must see,
Was ever Woman blest, like me.

SONG XLV.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

LONG, long I despair'd a young Shepherd
find,

Nor proud of his Merit, nor false as the Wind;
But at last I have got a dear Lad to my Mind;

Oh! I never can part with my *Willy*!

We hi'd to the Altar last Midsummer Day,
I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say;
But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey:

Can I do any less with my *Willy*?

His Breath is as fragrant as fresh Morning Air;
His Face than the Rose is more ruddy I swear;
And his Kisses as sweet—oh! beyond all Compare

There is not such a Lad as my *Willy*.

With him none pretends or to pipe or to play.
Then what tender soft Things will the dear Shepherd
say!

With Ease, I am sure, he might steal Hearts away
But I'll never distrust thee, my *Willy*.

When I droop'd all in Pain, and hung down my Head,
How kindly he watch'd me! what Tears did he shed
Nor left me a Moment till Sickness was fled:

Can I ever forget thee, dear *Willy*?

Should Death from my Sight tear the Shepherd from me,
Let him take (if he chooses) then me away too;
For why should I tarry, or what could I do,
Should I lose such a Lad as my *Willy*?

S O N G XLVI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vaux-Hall.

TELL me, Lasses, have you seen,
Lately wand'ring o'er the Green,
Beauty's Son, a little Boy,
Full of Frolick, Mirth, and Joy?
If you know his Shelter, say;
He's from Venus gone astray.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
Such a one trip o'er the Green?

By his Marks the God you'll know:
Over his Shoulder hangs a Bow,
And a Quiver fraught with Darts,
Poison sure to human Hearts:
Who he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the Mind.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen,
Such a one trip o'er the Green?

As able as the Light'ning's Wound
By his piercing Arrow found:
While the Bosom's Heart it pains,
No external Mark remains:
Reason's Shield itself is broke
By the unsuspected Stroke.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
Such a one trip o'er the Green?

As fit the Urchin's seen to lie
Asking in the sunny Eye;
For his destin'd Prey he seeks
In the Maiden's rosy Cheeks:
In snowy Breasts, or curling Hair,
He'll conceal the pleasing Snare.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
Such a one trip o'er the Green?

She

She that the Recess reveals,
 Where the God himself conceals,
 Shall a Kiss receive this Night
 From her Heart's supreme Delight:
 To Venus let her bring the Boy,
 She shall taste Love's sweetest Joy.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the Green?

SONG XLVII.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey, who teas'd me a Tw
 month, or more.

Now bolder is grown than was Mortal before;
 He whispers such Things as no Virgin should hear;
 And he presses my Lips with a Warmth I can't
 And he presses my Lips with a Warmth I can't

With Stories of Love he would soften my Mind
 And his Eyes speak a Temper to Mischief inclin
 But I vow not a Moment I'll trust him alone,
 And when next he grows rude I will bid him beg
 And when, &c.

Of Honour and Truth not a Word has he spoke
 And his Actions declare he thinks Virtue a Joke
 He shall find his Mistake, if he ventures to try;
 For, than yield on such Terms, oh! I rather would
 For, than, &c.

With no Creature beside he such Freedom can ta
 Yet the Handsome and Witty he quits for my S
 But how can I think he loves me the best,
 Or how can I love him who'd break all my Re
 Or how, &c.

Oh! Jockey, reform, nor be foolish again,
 Lest you lose a fond Heart you shall never regain

If you change your Behaviour, and to Church choose
to go,
I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say No.
I'll forgive, &c.

S O N G XLVIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN first I saw my *Delia's* Face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Bloom and Grace
That Love and Youth cou'd bring ;
Such Sweetness too in all her Form,
I thought her one celestial born.
And took her for the Spring.

Each Day a Charm was added more ;
Music and Language swell'd the Store,
With all the Force of Reason :
And yet so frolic and so gay,
Deck'd with the op'ning Sweets of *May*,
She look'd the Summer Season.

Admiring Crowds around her press,
But none the happy *He* cou'd guess ;
Unwish'd her Beauties caught 'em.
I urg'd my Passion in her Ear ;
Of Love, she said, she cou'd not hear,
And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The Rose not gather'd in its Prime,
Will fade and fall in little Time ;
So I began to hint t'her.
Her Cheeks confess'd a Summer's Glow ;
But, oh ! her Breast of driven Snow
Conceals a Heart of Winter.

S O N G

SONG XLIX.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

AS on *Tay's* Banks I wander'd in search of
Fair,
How smooth was the Stream! and how soft was
Air!

To nothing but thee such a Scene I compare;
And thee it resembles, dear *Jenny*.

The deep crystal Wave was a Type of thy Face,
(I thought it so clear it might serve for thy Glass,)
And the Curls that were there for thy Dimples
pass:

I vow'd 'twas the Picture of *Jenny*.

Methought it took in all the Charms of thy Mind
To Virtue, to Love, and to Pity inclin'd,
The tender soft Passions that feel no rude Wind;
For calm is the Bosom of *Jenny*.

All pleas'd with the Prospect, I wish'd the bright
Cou'd have seen her dear Self in this Mirror display'd
'Twas like her when last the sweet Girl I survey'd
Like none it could be but my *Jenny*.

But sudden a Tempest I ne'er saw before
Made the Billows arise, and the Waves foam and roar
I thought that I scarcely was safe on the Shore:
Ah me! even then it was *Jenny*.

The same dreadful Sight, when to Spleen you're
clin'd,
When to me you are cross, and to others are kind
But never, dear Girl, raise this Storm in your Mind
'Twill kill me, believe me, dear *Jenny*.

S O N G L.

*Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.***Y**OUNG *Thyrsis*, ye Shepherds, is gone :

I look all around for the Swain :

He's fled, and Joy with him is flown :

He leaves me to Sorrow and Pain.

Where is it I madly would rove ?

Can ye tell me what's left worth my Stay ?

Too late I perceive it was Love

All the while led my Fancy astray.

All the while led my Fancy astray.

What avails if I tarry behind,

Now my Heart he has stole quite away ?

No Comfort on Earth shall I find,

No Rest or by Night or by Day.

When he sung, oh ! I listen'd with Glee :

When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd !

Ne'er thought I the Moment to see,

Than to see I could wish to have died.

Then to see, &c.

But who is it that comes o'er the Green ?

'Tis *Thyrsis*, the dear wish'd-for Youth :

No Death e'er shall part us I ween,

For than Death is much stronger his Truth.

The Muse saw them meet in the Grove,

Saw the Maid and the Shepherd all blest :

He vow'd to be true to his Love :

She dares not to whisper the rest.

She dares not, &c.

S O N G L I.

*Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.***D**EAREST *Kitty* ! kind and fair !

Tell me when, and tell me where,

D

Tell

Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
 When we thus shall meet again?
 Where shall *Strephon* fondly see
 Beauties only found in thee?
 Beauties only found in thee.

Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play
 All the happy live-long Day,
 Dearest *Kitty*! kind and fair!
 Tell me when, and tell me where.
 Tell me when, and tell me where.

All the happy Day, 'tis true,
 Blest, but only then, with you;
 Nightly *Strephon* sighs alone,
 Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one.
 Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one.

Tell me then, and ease my Pain,
 Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
 When the Priest shall kindly join
Kitty's trembling Hand to mine?
 Dearest *Kitty*! kind and fair!
 Tell me when; I care not where.
 Tell me when; I care not where.

SONG LII.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

THE Sun in Virgin Lustre shone,
 May Morning put its Beauties on,
 The Warblers sung in livelier Strain,
 And sweeter Flow'rets deck'd the Plain,
 And sweeter Flow'rets deck'd the Plain,
 When Love, a soft intruding Guest,
 That long had dwelt in *Damon's* Breast,
 Now whisper'd to the Nymph, Away,
 For this is Nature's Holiday.
 For this is Nature's Holiday.

The tender Impulse wing'd his Haste ;
 The painted Mead he instant pass'd,
 And soon the happy Cot he gain'd,
 Where Beauty slept and Silence reign'd.
 Where Beauty, &c.

Awake, my Fair, the Shepherd cries,
 To new-born Pleasure ope thine Eyes :
 Arise, my *Sylvia*, hail the *May*,
 For this is Nature's Holiday.
 For this, &c.

Forth came the Maid in Beauty bright,
 As *Phæbus* in Meridian Light :
 Entranc'd in Rapture, all confess'd,
 The Shepherd clasp'd her to his Breast.
 The Shepherd, &c.

Then, gazing, with a speaking Eye,
 He snatch'd a Kiss, and heav'd a Sigh,
 A melting Sigh, that seem'd to say,
 Consider, Youth's our Holiday.
 Consider, &c.

Ah ! soft, she said, for Pity's Sake ;
 What ! kifs me e'er I'm well awake !
 For this so early came you here ?
 And hail you thus the rising Year ?
 And hail, &c.

Sweet Innocence, oh, cease to chide !
 We'll haste to Joy, the Swain reply'd ;
 In Pleasure's flow'ry Fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be Love's Holiday.
 And this, &c.

A crimson Glow warm'd o'er her Cheek ;
 She look'd the Thing she dar'd not speak ;
 Consent own'd Nature's soft Command,
 And *Damon* seiz'd her trembling Hand,
 And *Damon*, &c.

His dancing Heart in Transport play'd;
 To Church he led the blushing Maid,
 Then blest'd the happy Morn of *May* ;
 And now their Life's all Holiday,
 And now, &c.

SONG LIH.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Fair Quaker of Deal.

HOW little do the Landmen know
 Of what we Sailors feel,
 When Waves do mount, and Winds do blow
 But we have Hearts of Steel.
 No Danger can affright us ;
 No Enemy shall flout :
 We'll make the *Monfieurs* fight us :
 So tofs the Can about.

Stick stout to Orders, *Messmates* ;
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink :
 Then, *France*, have at your First-Rates ;
 For *Britons* never shrink.
 We rummage all we fancy ;
 We'll bring them in by Scores ;
 And *Moll*, and *Kate*, and *Nancy*
 Shall roll in *Louis d'Ors*.

While here at *Deal* we're lying
 With our noble Commodore,
 We'll spend our Wages freely, Boys,
 And then to Sea for more.
 In Peace we'll drink and sing, Boys ;
 In War we'll never fly :
 Here's a Health to *George* our King, Boys,
 And the Royal Family.

S O N G L I V.

The INCURIOS. Sung at Vauxhall.

G I V E me but a Wife ; I expect not to find
 Each Virtue and Grace in one Female combin'd :
 No Goddess for me ; 'tis a Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mould ;
 Or she claims my Respect, like a Mother, if old :
 Thus either can please me, since Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more, is more curious than wise.

Like *Venus* she ogles, if squinting her Eye ;
 If blind, she the Roving of mine cannot spy :
 Thus either is lovely ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

If rich be my Bride, she brings Tokens of Love ;
 If poor, then the farther from Pride my Remove :
 Thus either contents me ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

I ne'er shall want Converse, if Tongue she possess ;
 And if mute, still the Rarity pleases no less :
 I'm suited to either ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Then cease, ye Profane, on the Sex to descant ;
 If you've Wit to discern, of Charms they've no want :
 Each Fair can make happy, if Woman we prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

S O N G L V.

In the Winter's Tale.

C O M E, come, my good Shepherds, our Flocks
 we must shear ;

In your Holiday Suits with your Lasses appear :

The happiest of Folks are the Guileless and Free;
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no Passions by Luxury taught;
We practise no Arts with Hypocrisy fraught:
What we think in our Hearts you may read in our Eyes;
For, knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.

By Mode and Caprice are the City Dames led;
But we all the Children of Nature are bred:
By her Hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the Roses will bloom when there's Peace in the
Breast.

That Giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
Our Roofs are too low for so lofty a Head;
Content and sweet Chearfulness open our Door;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the Poor.
When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal;
Like the Flocks that we feed are the Passions we feel,
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine Folk to deceive and betray.

SONG LVI.

SOLICITUDE: *A Pastoral.*

Set by Mr. Arne.

WHY will you my Passion reprove,
Why term it a Folly to grieve,
Ere I tell you the Charms of my Love?
She's fairer than you can believe.
She's fairer than you can believe.

With her Mien she enamours the Brave;
With her Wit she engages the Free;
With her Modesty pleases the Grave:
She's ev'ry Way pleasing to me.
She's, &c.

When

When *Paridel* tries in the Dance
 Some Favour with *Phillis* to find,
 Oh! how with one trivial Glance
 Might she ruin the Peace of my Mind.
 Might she, &c.

In Ringlets he dresses his Hair,
 And his Crook is bestudded around;
 And his Pipe—oh! may *Phillis* beware
 Of a Magic there is in its Sound.
 Of a Magick, &c.

Let his Crook be with Hyacinths bound,
 So *Phillis* the Trophy despise:
 Let his Forehead with Laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in *Phillis*'s Eyes.
 So they, &c.

The Language that flows from the Heart
 Is a Stranger to *Paridel*'s Tongue;
 Yet may she beware of his Art,
 Or sure I must envy the Song.
 Or sure I must envy the Song.

S O N G LVII.

The COCK AND A BULL. Sung at Ranelagh.
Set by Mr. Arne.

TO take in good Part the Squeeze of the Hand,
 That Language of Lovers who dare not demand,
 And when with another as close and as dear
 You've made him believe his Happiness near,
 You've made him believe his Happiness near;
 Then to tell him a Tale, then to tell him a Tale,
 Then to tell him a Tale of a Cock and a Bull,
 That you meant no such Thing, but was playing
 the Fool.
 That you meant no such Thing, but was playing
 the Fool.

The Tread on the Toe to admit and be free,
 And strait to reply with the Toe Repartee ;
 To exprefs with your Eyes your inward Desires,
 And thus with full Hopes to kindle his Fires ;
 Then tell him a Tale, &c.

When he wants to difclose what he dares not reveal,
 When he looks very filly, and means a great deal ;
 When he thinks (if e'er Thinking fhould enter his Brain)
 You'll now grant his Wifh, the Eafe of his Pain ;
 Then to tell him a Tale, &c.

To let him, enraptur'd, proceed on to B'ifs ;
 To fuffer the Snatch or a Theft of the Kifs ;
 When Coynefs retreating unwillingly flies ;
 When Sighs answer Murmurs, and Eyes talk to Eyes,
 Then to tell him a Tale of a Cock and a Bull,
 That you meant no fuch Thing, but was playing
 the Fool.

SONG LVIII.

To DELIA. Set by Mr. Arne.

SOFT pleasing Pains, unknown before,
 My beating Bosom feels,
 When I behold the blifsful Bow'r
 Where deareft *Delia* dwells.
 That Way I daily drive my Flock ;
 Ah ! happy, happy Vale !
 There look, and wifh ; and while I look
 My Sighs increafe the Gale.
 My Sighs increafe the Gale.
 Sometimes at Midnight I do ftray
 Beneath inclement Skies,
 And there my true Devotion pay
 To *Delia's* fleep-feal'd Eyes :

So pious Pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious Travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold Tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite Saint.
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye Shades, that fold my Fair,
 And all my Bliss contain,
 Ah; why should ye those Blessings share,
 For which I sigh in vain:
 But let me not at Fate repine,
 And thus my Griefs impart;
 She's not your Tenant;—she is mine:
 Her Mansion is my Heart.
 Her Mansion is my Heart.

S O N G LIX.

Sung at Drury-Lane Theatre.

Confin'd to the House till the Age of Fifteen,
 Nor Man but the Clowns of our Parish had seen,
 Nor Man but the Clowns of the Parish had seen;
 An Aunt to instruct me, a formal old Maid,
 A formal old Maid,
 And I, silly I, still believ'd all she said.
 And I, silly I, still believ'd all she said.

My Aunt in the Grave, to the Town straight I flew,
 And instantly fond of each Pleasure I grew;
 The Sparks waited round me where-ever I went,
 And I, silly I, could not guess what they meant.
 And I, &c.

They call me a Goddess, and, sighing, declare
 The Toasts of the Town are not like me so fair;
 They vow and declare, and my Pity invoke,
 And I, silly I, then believ'd all they spoke.
 And I, &c.

They tickled my Pride, but my Heart still was free,
 Nor one of them ail was a Conquest for me,
 Till young *Strephon* advanc'd, and quickly he taught
 What I, silly I, till that Moment had fought.
 What I, &c.

With good Breeding and Sense his Love he declar'd,
 Not like the vain Fops who before had appear'd :
 His Expressions were sweet and sprung from his Mind,
 And I, happy I, to my *Strephon* was join'd.
 And I, happy I, to my *Strephon* was join'd.

S O N G LX.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Daphne* was the prettiest Maid
 The Eyes of Love cou'd see,
 And but one Fault the Charmer had ;
 'Twas Cruelty to me.
 'Twas Cruelty to me.

No Swain that e'er the Nymph ador'd
 Was fonder or was younger ;
 Yet when her Pity I implor'd.
 'Twas, stay a little longer.
 'Twas, &c.

It chanc'd I met the blooming Fair,
 One *May* Morn, in the Grove ;
 When *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,
 Now, now's the Time for Love.
 Now, &c.

I clasp'd the Maid ; it wak'd her Pride :
 What ! did I mean to wrong her !
 Not so, my gentle dear, I cry'd ;
 But Love will stay no longer.
 But Love, &c.

Then,

Then, kneeling at her Feet, I swore
 How much I lov'd, how well ;
 And that my Heart which beat for her,
 With her should ever dwell.
 With her, &c.

Consent stood speaking in the Eye
 Of all my Care's Prolonger :
 Yet *Daphne* utter'd with a Sigh,
 Oh ! stay a little longer.
 Oh ! stay, &c.

The Conflict in her Soul I saw
 'Twixt Virtue and Desire :
 Oh ! come, I cry'd, let *Hymen's* Law
 Give Sanction to Love's Fire.
 Give Sanction, &c.

Ye Lovers, guess how great my Joys !
 Cou'd Rapture well prove stronger ?
 When Virtue spoke in *Daphne's* Voice,
 You now—shall stay no longer.
 You now—shall stay no longer.

S O N G LXI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

TIS a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they
 are twain,
 Since *Thyrsis* neglected the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And wou'd tempt me to walk the gay Meadows along,
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song.
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song.
 What at first was but Friendship soon grew to a Flame ;
 In my Heart it was Love, in the Youth 'twas the same ;
 From each other our Passion we sought not to hide ;
 But who shou'd love most was our Contest and Pride.
 But who, &c.

But Prudence soon whisper'd us, " Love not too well;
 " For Envy has Eyes, and a Tongue that will tell;
 " And a Flame, without Fortune's rich Gifts on its Side,
 " The grave ones will scorn, and a Mother must chide,
 " The grave, &c."

Afraid of Rebukes, he his Visits forbore,
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
 Or to tarry, with Patience, a Season more kind:
 So I put the dear Shepherd quite out of my Mind.
 So I put, &c.

But Love breaks the Fences I vainly had made,
 Grows deaf to all Censure, and will be repaid:
 If we fight for each other, ah! quit not your Care:
 Condemn the God *Cupid*; but bless the fond Pair.
 Condemn the God *Cupid*; but bless the fond Pair.

S O N G LXII.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring Youth,
 From Fair to Fair, I rov'd:
 To ev'ry Nymph I vow'd my Truth;
 Tho' all alike I lov'd:
 Yet, when the Joy I wish'd was past,
 My Truth appear'd a Jest:
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That Constancy is best.
 That Constancy is best.

Like other Fools, at fema'e Wiles
 'Twas my Delight to rail;
 Their Sighs, their Vows, their Tears, their Smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail:

But,

But, by Reflection's bright'ning Pow'r,
 I see their Worth confest ;
 That Man cannot enough adore :
 That Constancy is best.
 That Constancy is best.

The roving Heart at Beauty's Sight
 May glow with fond Desire ;
 Yet, tho' Possession yield Delight.
 It damps the lawless Fire :
 But Love's celestial faithful Flames
 Still catch from Breast to Breast ;
 While ev'ry home-felt Joy proclaims
 That Constancy is best.
 That Constancy is best.

No solid Bliss from Change results ;
 No real Raptures flow ;
 But, fix'd to one, the Soul exults,
 And tastes of Heav'n below.
 With Love, on ev'ry gen'rous Mind,
 Is Truth's fair Form impress'd ;
 And Reason dictates to Mankind,
 That Constancy is best.
 That Constancy is best.

SONG LXIII.

DAMON and CELIA. *A Dialogue.*

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

CELIA.

YES, *Damon*, yes, I can approve,
 See all thy Merit, all thy Love ;
 But shipwreck'd once, I leave the Shore.
 And trust the faithless Seas no more.
 And trust the faithless Seas no more.

Thy

Thy Vows are lost, thy Tears are vain,
 For I can never love again,
 Thy Vows are lost, thy Tears are vain,
 For I can never love again.

DAMON.

And could'st thou then, bewitching Maid,
 Could'st thou be slighted or betray'd?
 Or, is it but an artful Tale,
 O'er *Damon's* Passion to prevail?
 O'er *Damon's*, &c.
 For surely thou wert born to reign,
 To love, and to be lov'd again.
 For surely, &c.

CELIA.

If *Celia* could once more believe,
Damon, like *Thyrsis*, would deceive:
 And yet, methinks it cannot be
 There must be Faith and Truth in thee.
 There must, &c.
 Trust me, thy *Celia* feels thy Pain,
 And wishes she could love again.
 Trust me, &c.

DAMON.

Why then, those Fears that rack thy Breast?
 Say that thou wilt, and I am blest:
 But, if my Vows successless prove,
Damon shall bid adieu to Love.
Damon shall bid adieu to Love.
 Like thee, resolve to quit the Plain,
 And never, never love again,
 Like thee, resolve to quit the Plain,
 And never, never love again.

SONG

S O N G LXIV.

*An ADDRESS to the LADIES.**Sung at Ranelagh.*

YE Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little Things,
 Who trip in this frolicksome Round,
 Pray tell me from whence this Indecency springs,
 The Sexes at once to confound ?
 What means the cock'd Hat, and the masculine Air,
 With each Motion design'd to perplex ?
 Bright Eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And Softness the Test of your Sex—dear Girls.
 And Softness the Test of your Sex.

The Girl who on Beauty depends for Support
 May call ev'ry Art to her Aid ;
 The Bosom display'd, and the Petticoat short,
 Are Samples she gives of her Trade :
 But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom Pride has preserv'd from the Snare,
 Shou'd slyly attack us with Coyness and Wiles,
 Not with open and insolent Air—brave Girls.
 Not with, &c.

The *Venus*, whose Statue delights all Mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the View,
 And kindly shou'd seem, by the Artist design'd,
 To serve as a Model for you.
 Then learn, with her Beauties, to copy her Air ;
 Nor venture too much to reveal :
 Our Fancies will paint what you cover with Care,
 And double each Charm you conceal—sweet Girls.
 And double, &c.

The

The Blushes of Morn, and the Mildness of *May*,
 Are Charms which no Art can procure :
 Oh ! be but yourselves, and our Homage we'll pay,
 And your Empire is solid, and sure :
 But, if Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
 And put us in Fear of our Lives,
 You may do very well for Sisters or Aunts ;
 Believe me you'll never be Wives—poor Girls,
 Believe me, you'll never be Wives.

S O N G LXV.

The CHOICE.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

HAD I, ye Swains, the happy Pow'r
 To make the Nymph I wou'd adore,
 Her Skin shou'd be as Lillies fair,
 With rosy Lips, and nut-brown Hair.
 With rosy Lips, and nut-brown Hair.

With Limbs well turn'd ; her Air and Mein,
 At once, both sprightly and serene,
 At once both sprightly and serene ;
 Beside all this, a nameless Grace
 Shou'd be diffus'd all o'er her Face.

This for her Form : Now, for her Mind ;
 I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
 Be void of all coquetish Arts,
 And vain Design of conq'ring Hearts.
 And vain, &c.

Not sway'd by any Views of Gain,
 Nor fond of giving others Pain.
 Nor fond, &c.
 But soft, tho' bright, like her own Eyes ;
 Discreetly witty, gayly wise.

ay, I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry Art,
That can engage a wandering Heart;
Know all the Sciences of Love,
Yet ever willing to improve.
Yet ever, &c.

To press the Hand, and roll the Eye,
And sometimes drop an am'rous Sigh.
And sometimes, &c.
And yet I'd have the Charmer be
By Nature only taught, or me.

I'd have her to strict Honour ty'd,
And yet without one Spark of Pride;
In Company well dress'd and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outshine.
Yet not, &c.

In private always neat and clean;
And quite a Stranger to the Spleen,
And quite, &c.
Well pleas'd to grace the Park or Play,
And sometimes dance the Night away.

S O N G LXVI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

BLITHE *Colin's* blest Art
Has bewitch'd my young Heart,
And, trust me, there's Place for none other:
Shou'd he once cease to woo,
What must scorn'd *Molly* do?
For there's not in the World such another.
For there's not in the World such another.

No Lad on the Plain
Sure can pipe like my Swain;

So

So sweetly can carol no other :
 Oh ! how oft in the Vale
 Have I heard his soft Tale !
 By Moon-light he'll tell me another.
 By Moon-light, &c.

Wit, Beauty, and Truth,
 All be-deck the dear Youth :
 Persuade me my Love not to smother :
 He has Riches in Store ;
 Yet he courts me, tho' poor :
 He swears that he doats on no other.
 He swears, &c.

Shou'd he chance to proclaim,
 To the Shepherds his Flame,
 They'll envy, and make a great Pother :
 Let the Nymphs praise or rail,
 All their Malice will fail ;
 In spite, I will think of no other.
 In spite, &c.

To the Church on the Brow
 Once he pointed, I vow ;
 With Kisses me almost did smother :
 Not a Word cou'd I say ;
 But I long for the Day :
 He'll marry me one Time or other.
 He'll marry me one Time or other.

SONG LXVII.

The VINDICATION.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

THE wicked Wits, as Facy hits,
 All satyrize the Fair ;

In Prose and Rhyme, in Strains sublime,
Their Foibles they declare :

The kind are bold, the chaste are cold ;

These prudish, those too free :

Ye curious Men, come, tell us then,

What should a Woman be ?

What should a Woman be ?

But hard's the Task, and vain to ask,

Where Optics are untrue ;

The Muse shall here th' indicted clear,

And prove the Crimes on you :

The Rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd,

On whom his Wish was plac'd ;

The Fool, deny'd, affects the Pride,

And rails, to be in Taste.

And rails, &c.

But, not like these, the Men of Bliss

Their sure Criterion fix :

No: Wisdom cries, My Sons, arise,

And vindicate the Sex :

'Tis theirs to prove those Sweets of Love

Which others never share ;

And evidence, that none have Sense

But who adore the Fair.

But who, &c.

Ye blooming Race, with ev'ry Grace

Celestially imprest,

'Tis yours to quell the Cares that dwell

Within the human Breast :

At Beauty's Voice our Souls rejoice,

And Rapture wakes to Birth ;

And *Love* design'd th' enchanting Kind.

To form an Heav'n on Earth.

To form, &c.

Oh!

Oh! ev'ry Art, to win the Heart,
 Ye dear Inspirers, try ;
 Each native Charm with Fashion arm,
 And let Love's Lightning fly :
 And hence, ye grave, your Counsels save,
 Which Youth but sets at nought ;
 For Woman still will have her Will,
 And so I think she ought.
 And so I think she ought.

S O N G LXVIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

I Am a young Virgin, that oft have been told,
 I should try to get marry'd before I'm too old :
 I took the Advice, and got one in my Eye,
 Whom if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.
 Whom if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.

Young *Thyrsis* is witty, well featur'd, and tall,
 His Fellow-Swains own that he out-does 'em all :
 When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why,
 I thought I was going that Moment to die.
 I thought, &c.

If through the Recesses of yon silent Grove,
 Or over the Meadows, I happen to rove,
 And see my dear Shepherd at Distance pass by,
 I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die.
 I tremble a'l o'er, &c.

When he plays on his Pipe to the Lambkins around ;
 I fly to the Place where I hear the blest Sound ;
 O *Thyrsis* ! sweet Youth ! to myself then I cry,
 I'd listen to thee, were I going to die.
 I'd listen to thee, &c.

Last *Saturday Eve*, (I remember the Day)
 I caught him saluting *Clarinda* the gay :
 That I envy'd each Kiss, I will never deny,
 And fervently pray'd that my Rival might die.
 And fervently pray'd, &c.

Come, *Hymen*, and lend a young Virgin your Aid,
 Who, without your Assistance, must die an old Maid ;
 To all my fond Wishes make *Thyrsis* comply,
 And if I don't have him, I wish I may die.
 And if I don't have him, I wish I may die.

S O N G LXIX.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vaux-Hall.

YOUNG *Colin* sought my Heart to gain ;
 The Shepherd, lost in Love,
 Each Morn he woo'd me on the Plain,
 Each Noon within the Grove ;
 Yet my Denial still was this,
 Pshaw ! Man, I can't endure you ;
 And if he offer'd but to kiss,
 Such Rudeness !—I'll assure you, I'll assure you.
 Such Rudeness !—I'll assure you.

For twenty Youths (not he alone)
 The am'rous Flame confest ;
 And, had I once been kind to one,
 I'm sure I'd lost the rest :
 Beside, he us'd no pretty Arts,
 But sagely wou'd allure me ;
 While others talk'd of Flames and Darts ;
 'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,
 'Twas pretty, &c.

My Face, my Form, were prais'd aloud ;
 My Wit new Conquests fir'd ;
 And 'twas enough to make one proud
 To be so much admir'd :

At

At length, Reflection shew'd the Fate
 Such Flatt'ry might procure me,
 And Virtue warn'd to shun the Bait,
 Nor vainly—I'll assure ye.
 Nor vainly—I'll assure ye.

I bid the fighting Train depart;
 This Maxim pleas'd to prove,
 That Flatt'ry fills the sensual Heart,
 But Truth the Heart of Love :
 Young *Colin*, wont in vain to plead,
 Of Vanity to cure me,
 Now woo'd again; and now indeed
 I lov'd him—I'll assure ye.
 I lov'd him, &c.

I blam'd myself, such Scorn to bear
 To Merit now so clear :
 By my Example, learn, ye Fair,
 To prize the Youth sincere :
 We instant join'd the nuptial Tie ;
 He raptur'd to insure me ;
 And, trust me, Damsels, when you try,
 'Twill charm you—I'll assure ye.
 'Twill charm you—I'll assure ye.

S O N G LXX.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Colin* protests I'm his Joy and Delight;
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his Sight;
 He wants to be with me where-ever I go ;
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
 His Pleasure all Day is to sit by my Side ;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide :

I bid

I bid him depart ; but he, smiling, says, no ;
The Deuce, sure is in him for plaguing me so.
The Deuce, &c.

He often requests me his Flame to relieve ;
I ask him, what Favour he hopes to receive ?
His Answer's a Sigh, while in Blushes I glow :
What Mortal beside him would plague a Maid so ?
What Mortal, &c.

This Breast-knot he yesterday brought from the Wake,
And softly entreated I'd wear for his Sake.
Such Trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow ;
I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so.
I sure, &c.

He hands me each Eve from the Cot to the Plain,
And meets me each Morn to conduct me again ;
But what's his Intention I wish I could know,
For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.
For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.

SONG LXXI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

NO Shepherd was like *Strephon* gay,
No Swain to me so dear ;
'Twas Rapture all the live-long Day
His Song, his Pipe, to hear,
His Song, his Pipe to hear :
Yet when he sigh'd, and talk'd of Love,
His Passion I'd forbid ;
For what I felt to hide I strove ;
Upon my Word I did.
Upon my Word I did.

The Spring, when Nature wakes to Youth,
And looks all Life and Joy,
The Summer's Sun, saw *Strephon's* Truth,
Saw *Chloe* still was coy.
Saw *Chloe*, &c.

At

At length he vow'd, thou cruel Fair,
 Disdain my Heart has freed :
 He spoke, and left me in Despair ;
 Upon my Word he did.
 Upon, &c.

How sad, how penitent was I !
 My Pride had caus'd my Pain :
 From Morn to Eve I us'd to sigh,
 Oh ! *Strephon* come again.
 Oh ! *Screphon*, &c.

It chanc'd, he sought a tender Lamb,
 That in the Grove lay hid ;
 When, thoughtless, there I breath'd his Name ;
 Upon my Word I did.
 Upon, &c.

Surpriz'd, my well known Voice to hear,
 In Sounds of soft Delight,
 With eager Steps the Youth drew near,
 And met my raptur'd Sight.
 And met, &c.

No Pow'r had I, all Art was vain,
 Of *Strephon* to get rid ;
 My panting Heart confess'd the Swain ;
 Upon my Word it did.
 Upon, &c.

O Nymph, he cry'd, whose Eyes to meet
 My Soul with Joy o'erflows !
 The Bee, that roves from Sweet to Sweet,
 Like me, prefers the Rose.
 Like me, &c.

Ye Maids, with whom I've trip'd the Green,
 Let other Youths succeed ;
 My *Chloe* welcom'd me again ;
 Upon my Word she did.
 Upon, &c.

While Blushes crimson'd o'er my Cheek,
 My Hand with Warmth he prest;
 Oh! speak, he sigh'd, my *Chloe*, speak,
 Shall *Strepson* now be blest?
 Ah! who that lov'd so well, so long,
 The Shepherd cou'd have chid?
 Perhaps you think I held my Tongue;
 Upon my Word, I did.
 Upon my Word, I did.

S O N G LXXII.

WHEN the Nymphs were contending for
 Beauty and Fame,
 Bright *Sylvia* stood foremost in Right of her Claim;
 And to crown the high Transports dear Conquest
 excites,

At Court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's*.
 At Court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's*.

But how shall I whisper this fair One's sad Case?
 A cruel Disease has destroy'd her sweet Face;
 Her Vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled Red,
 And all the gay Graces of Beauty are fled.
 And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye Fair, lest you triumph in vain;
 For *Sylvia*, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging, since Reason took Place,
 Than when she possest the Perfections of Face.
 Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquet it, and teaze;
 Instead of tormenting, she studies to please;
 Makes Truth and Discretion the Guide of her Life;
 Tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well-form'd for a Wife.
 Tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well-form'd for a Wife.

SONG LXXIII.

CORYDON and PHOEBE: *A Dialogue.**Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.*

CORYDON.

WELL met, dearest *Phæbe*: ah! why in such
Haste?

The Woods and the Meadows all Day have I trac'd,
In search of my fair One: Then nothing remains,
But she to reward me for all my past Pains.
But she to reward me for all my past Pains.

PHOEBE.

Why! how now, bold *Corydon*! what do you mean?
Shou'd a Damsel, like me, just turn'd of Nineteen,
Be seen all alone with a Man, I'm afraid
The World wou'd soon think me no longer a Maid.
The World, &c.

CORYDON.

Let 'em think as they please, 'twill prove all a Lye;
You are not alone, for chaste *Cynthia* is by;
She'll judge of our Actions: Then drive away Fear;
No Harm is intended to *Phæbe*, I swear.
No Harm, &c.

No, no, subtle Swain, you may say what you will,
Kneel, lye, swear, and flatter, and try all your Skill;
Before I'll be cozen'd, I'd have you to know,
I'll die first a Virgin; so pray let me go.
I'll die, &c.

Why, *Phæbe*, such Thoughts I had ne'er in my Head;
I meant but to know if to-morrow you'd wed;
But, since you won't hear me, I'll bid you adieu,
And find out some other that's kinder than you.
And find, &c.

PHOEBE.

P H O E B E.

Return, gentle Shepherd, a few Moments stay;
 I'll venture to yield, if you mean as you say;
 Let to-morrow then come, at the Church you shall
 find,
 That she you think cruel yet still may be kind.
 That she, &c.

B O T H.

O *Phæbus*! vouchsafe to accept of our Boon;
 Make haste to expel the pale glimmering Moon;
 And when thy bright Face shall appear in the Sky,
 With Rapture we'll hasten the dear nuptial Tye.
 With Rapture we'll hasten the dear nuptial Tye.

S O N G LXXIV.

On the Marriage Act.

T H E Fool that is wealthy is sure of a Bride;
 For Riches, like Fig-leaves, their Nakedness
 hide:

The Slave that is poor must starve all his Life,
 In a Batchelor's Bed, without Mistress or Wife.

In good Days of yore they ne'er troubled their Heads
 In settling of Jointures, or making of Deeds;
 But *Adam* and *Eve*, when they first enter'd Course,
 E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear *Chloe*, ne'er aim to be great;
 Let Love be thy Jointure; ne'er mind an Estate:
 You can never be poor, who have all those Charms;
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my Arms.

E 2

S O N G

S O N G LXXV.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

ALL on the pleasant Banks of *Tweed*
 Young *Jockey* won my Heart ;
 None tun'd so sweet his oaten Reed ,
 None sung with so much Art :
 His skilful Tale
 Did soon prevail
 To make me fondly love him ;
 But now he hies,
 Nor heeds my Cries :
 I wou'd I ne'er had seen him !

When first we met, the bonny Swain
 Of nought but Love cou'd say :
 Oh ! give, he cry'd, my Heart again ;
 You've stole my Heart away ;
 Or else incline
 To give me thine,
 And I'll together join 'em :
 My faithful Heart
 Will never part ;
 Ah ! why did I believe him !

Not now my slighted Face he knows,
 His soon forgotten dear ;
 To wealthier Lads, o'erjoy'd, he goes,
 To breathe his Falsehood there :
 Mistaken *Kate*,
 The Swain's a Cheat ;
 Not for a Moment trust him ;
 For shining Gold
 He's bought and sold ;
 I wou'd I had not seen him !

Then

Then, all ye Maidens, fly the Swain,
 His wily Stories shun;
 Else you, like me, must soon complain;
 Like me must be undone:
 But Peace, my Breast,
 Nor break thy Rest;
 I'll try clean to forget him:
 I soon shall see
 As good as he;
 I wish I ne'er had seen him!

S O N G LXXVI.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

SINCE Wedlock's in Vogue, and stale Virgins
 despis'd,
 To all Batchelors, greeting, these Lines are premis'd:
 I'm a Maid that would marry—ah! could I but find
 (I care not for Fortune) a Man to my Mind.
 (I care not for Fortune) a Man to my Mind.

Not the fair-weather'd Fop, fond of Fashion and Dress;
 Not the 'Squire, who can relish no Joys but the Chase;
 Nor the free-thinking Rake, whom no Morals can bind;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.
 Neither this, &c.

Not the ruby fac'd Sot, who topos World without End;
 Nor the Drone, who can't relish his Bottle and Friend;
 Nor the Fool, that's too fond; nor the Churl, that's
 unkind;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.
 Neither this, &c.

Not the rich, with full Bags, without Breeding or Merit;
 Nor the Flash that's all Fury, without any Spirit;
 Nor the fine Master Fribble, the Scorn of Mankind;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.
 Neither this, &c.

But the Youth, whom good Sense and good Nature
inspire ;

Whom the brave must esteem, and the Fair should
admire ;

In whose Heart Love and Truth are with Honour
conjoin'd ;

This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind.

This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind.

SONG LXXVII.

The ROVER.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vaux-hall.

IN all the Sex some Charms I find ;

I love to try all Woman-kind,

The fair, the smart, the witty.

The fair, the smart, the witty.

In *Cupid's* Fetters, most severe,

I languish'd out a long, long Year,

The Slave of wanton *Kitty*.

The Slave of wanton *Kitty*.

At length I broke the galling Chain,

And swore that Love was endless Pain,

One constant Scene of Folly.

One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke ;

But soon I felt a second Stroke,

And sigh'd for blue-ey'd *Molly*.

And sigh'd, &c.

With Tresses next of flaxen Hue,

Young *Jenny* did my Soul subdue,

That lives in yonder Valley.

That lives, &c.

Then

Then *Cupid* threw another Snare,
And caught me in the curling Hair
Of little tempting *Sally*.
Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with Charms, tho' blithe and young,
My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,
This Heart of yielding Mettle,
This Heart of yielding Mettle.
And now it wanders here and there,
By Turns the Prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle.
But never more will settle.

S O N G LXXVIII.

A Dialogue.

HE. **W**HEN *Jockey* was blest with your Love
and your Truth,
Not on *Tweed's* pleasant Banks dwelt so blith-
some a Youth ;
With *Jenny* I sported it all the Day long,
And her Name was the Burden and Joy of my
Song.
And her Name was the Burden and Joy of my
Song.

SHE. Ere *Jockey* had ceas'd all his Kindness for me,
There liv'd in the Vale not so happy a She ;
Such Pleasures with *Jockey* his *Jenny* had known,
That she scorn'd, in a Cot, the gay Folks of
the Town.
That she scorn'd, &c.

HE. Ah ! *Jockey*, what Fear now possesses thy Mind,
That *Jenny*, so constant, to *Willy's* been kind,

When, dancing so gay with the Nymphs on the Plain.

She yielded her Hand and her Heart to the Swain?

She yielded, &c.

SHE. You falsly upbraid; but, remember the Day,
With *Lucy* you toy'd it beneath the new Hay;
When alone with your *Lucy*, the Shepherds have
said,
You forgot all the Vows that to *Jenny* were made.
You forgot, &c.

HE. Believe not, sweet *Jenny*, my Heart stray'd from
thee,
For *Lucy* the wanton's a Maid still for me;
From a Lass that's so true your fond *Jockey* ne'er
rov'd,
Nor once could forsake the kind *Jenny* he lov'd.
Nor once, &c.

SHE. My Heart for young *Willy* ne'er panted and sigh'd,
For you of that Heart was the Joy and the Pride;
While *Tweed's* Waters glide shall your *Jenny* be
true,
Nor love, my dear *Jockey*, a Shepherd like you.
Nor love, &c.

D U E T.

SHE. For Kindness no Youth can with *Jockey* compare.

HE. No Shepherd e'er met with so faithful a Fair.

BOTH. We'll love then, & live from fierce Jealousy free,
And none on the Plains shall be happy as we.
We'll love then, and live from fierce Jealousy free,
And none on the Plains shall be happy as we.

S O N G

S O N G LXXIX.

A Pastoral Dialogue, Sung at Vauxhall.

HE. **H**A S T E, haste, *Phillis*, haste, 'tis the first
of the *May*!

Hark, the Goldfinches sing, to the Wood let's
away ;

We'll pluck the pale Primrose ; nay, start not,
my dear,

I've something to whisper alone in your Ear.

I've something to whisper alone in your Ear.

SHE. Excuse me, fond Swain, it has often been said,
The Wood is unsafe for a Maiden to tread ;
And a wither'd old Gipsy one Day I espy'd.
Bid me shun the thick Wood, and said some-
thing beside.

Bid me shun, &c.

HE. 'Tis all a meer Fable ; there's nothing to fright ;
There's Music all Day, and no Spectres at Night :
No Creature but *Cupid*, believe me, is there,
And *Cupid's* an Urchin you surely can't fear.
And *Cupid's*, &c.

SHE. For all I could say, when arriv'd at the Wood,
Who knows your Design? you may dare to be
rude :

So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
Lest *Cupid* and you be too hard for a Maid,
Lest *Cupid*, &c.

HE. His Dictates you wisely at once should approve,
For, pray what is Life ? it is Pain without Love :
Think how Youth, like the Rose, tho' unga-
ther'd, will fade,

Then quickly comply, lest you die an old Maid.
Then quickly, &c.

SHE. By Language as artful young *Daphne* was won;
Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd, and un-
done ;
And, rather than trust the fine Things you have
said,
Let my Beauty decay, and I'll die an old Maid.
Let my Beauty, &c.

HE. Believe not I'm faithless and false as the Wind ;
I'll be true as the Turtle, as fond, and as kind ;
Will lead you to Pleasure untasted before,
And make you a Bride ; can a Mortal do more ?
And make you, &c.

SHE. Then at once I'll comply, for I cannot say no ;
To-morrow to Church with my Shepherd I'll go ;
To the Wood next, tho' *Cupid* so talk'd of be there,
With Joy I'll away, and adieu to all Fear.
With Joy, &c.

BOTH. Ye Nymphs, to the Woods never venture to go ;
Till the Priest joins your Hands, you must an-
swer no, no :
Ye Swains, should your fair ones be deaf to you
still,
You must wear the soft Chain ; then they'll go
where you will.
You must wear the soft Chain ; then they'll go
where you will.

S O N G LXXX.

Set by Mr. Worgan, Sung at Vauxhall.

I'LL sing of my Lover all Night and all Day ;
He's ever good-natur'd, and frolick and gay ;
His Voice is as sweet as the Nightingale's Lay,
And well on his Bagpipe my Shepherd can play ;
1 And,

And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*,
 And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty, aed fair,
 And praises my Eyes, my Lips, and my Hair;
 Rose, Vi'let, nor Lilly, with me can compare:
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear;
 And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my Feet, and with many a Sigh,
 He cry'd, oh! my dear, will you never comply?
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it; I'll die:
 I trembled all over, and answer'd, not I;
 And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat,
 And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
 His Looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet;
 And a bonny, &c.

At Eve, when the Sun seeks Repose in the West,
 And *May*'s tuneful Chorists all skim to their Nest;
 When I meet on the Green the dear Boy I love best,
 My Heart is just ready to burst from my Breast;
 And a bonny, &c.

But see how the Meadows are moisten'd with Dew;
 Come, come, my dear Shepherd, I wait but for you;
 We'll live for each other, both constant and true,
 And taste the soft Raptures no mortal e'er knew;
 And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*.
 And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*.

SONG LXXXI.

CHARMING BESSY.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful Nine,
 With Numbers soft and witty ;
 To *Bessy* I inscribe the Line,
 Then raise my humble Ditty.
 To *Bessy* I inscribe the Line ;
 Then raise my humble Ditty.
 Catch, catch, ye Groves, the am'rous Song ;
 And, as ye waft the Sound along,
 Attend, ye list'ning sylvan Throng,
 To praise my charming *Bessy*,
 My lovely charming *Bessy*.

Let others sing the cruel Fair,
 Who glories in undoing,
 And proudly bids the Wretch despair,
 Rejoicing in his Ruin.
 And proudly, &c.
 Such haughty Tyrants I detest ;
 And let me scorn them, while I rest
 Upon thy gently swelling Breast,
 My lovely charming *Bessy*.
 My lovely, &c.

The Rose I'll pluck to deck her Head,
 The Vi'let and the Pansy :
 The Cowslip too shall quit the Mead,
 To aid my am'rous Fancy.
 The Cowslip, &c.

Ye fragrant Sisters of the Spring,
 Who shed your Sweets on Zephyrs Wing,
 Around my Fair your Odours fling,
 Around my charming *Bessy*.
 Around, &c.

When

When Ev'ning dapples o'er the Skies,
 The Sun no longer burning,
 Methinks I see before my Eyes
 Thy well-known Form returning.
 On Hill or Dale, by Wood or Stream,
 Thou art alone my constant Theme,
 My waking Wish, my Morning Dream,
 Thou lovely charming *Bessy*.
 Thou lovely charming *Bessy*.

S O N G LXXXII.

M Y R T I L L A.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

YE chearful Virgins, have ye seen
 My fair *Myrtilla* pass the Green,
 To Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r?
 To Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r?
 Where does she seek the Woodbine Shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming Maid,
 Sweet as the *May-born* Flow'r.
 Sweet as the *May-born* Flow'r.

Her Cheeks are like the maiden Rose
 Join'd with the Lilly as it grows,
 Where each in Sweetness vie.
 Where each in Sweetness vie.
 Like Dew-Drops glittering in the Morn,
 When *Phæbus* gilds the flow'ring Thorn,
 Health sparkles in her Eye.
 Health sparkles in her Eye.

Her Song is like the Linnet's Lay,
 That warbles chearful on the Spray
 To hail the vernal Beam.
 To hail the vernal Beam.

Her

Her Heart is blither than her Song :
 Her Passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream.
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream.

S O N G LXXXIII.

The A D V I C E.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

YE Nymphs, who to the Throne of Love
 With Hearts submissive bow ;
 Who hope the mutual Bliss to prove,
 That crowns the nuptial Vow.
 That crowns the nuptial Vow.
 Thro' Caution's Glass, by Reason lent,
 Oh ! view your Lovers clearly,
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The Man that loves you dearly ;
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The Man that loves you dearly.
 The Man that loves you dearly.
 Still blind to Wisdom's Ray, the Rake
 No social Bliss allows ;
 And he who long has rov'd, must make
 A good-for-nothing Spouse.
 A good-for-nothing Spouse.
 Nor trust the Fop, tho' piteous Sighs
 Proclaim you've touch'd him clearly ;
 His own sweet Charms too much he'll prize,
 Nor can he love you dearly.
 His own, &c.
 But when, with ev'ry manly Grace,
 A Youth of Soul refin'd,
 Who doating on your Form and Face,
 Thinks brighter still your Mind.
 Thinks brighter still your Mind.

When

When such shall for the Favour sue,
 Oh ! yield your Hand sincerely,
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you.
 To Life's last Moment, dearly.
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To Life's last Moment, dearly.
 To Life's last Moment, dearly.

S O N G LXXXIV.

The QUEEN of MAY.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

EV'RY Nymph and Shepherd, bring
 Tributes to the Queen of *May*;
 Rife for her Brows the Spring;
 Make her as the Season gay.
 Make her as the Season gay.
 Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting Hour.
 Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting Hour.
 How to use the fleeting Hour.
 Now the fair Narcissus blows,
 With his Sweetness now delights,
 By his Side, the maiden Rose
 With her artless Blush invites.
 With her, &c.
 Such, so fragrant, and so gay,
 Is the blooming Queen of *May*;
 Such, so fragrant, &c.
 Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
 Soon he droops his languid Head;
 From the Rose her Purple flies,
 None inviting to her Bed.
 None, &c.

Such

Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
Soon shall be the Queen of *May*.

Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural Queen,

By the Suffrage of the Swains,
Beauty, like the vernal Green,

In thy Shrine not long remains.

In thy Shrine not long remains.

Bless, then, quickly bless the Youth,
Who deserves thy Love and Truth.

Bless, then, quickly, bless the Youth,
Who deserves thy Love and Truth.

Who deserves thy Love and Truth.

SONG LXXXV.

A M A N D A.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

BY the dew-besprinkled Rose;
By the Blackbird piping clear;
By the western Gale, that blows
Fragrance on the vernal Year;
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
Nor let him longer sigh in vain.
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
Nor let him longer sigh in vain.

By the Cowslip, clad in Gold;
By the silver Lilly's Light;
By those Meads, where you behold
Nature rob'd in green and white;
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
And to his Sighs, oh! sigh again.
Hear, &c.

By the Riv'let's rambling Race;
 By the Music that it makes;
 By bright Sol's inverted Face,
 Who for the Stream his Sky forsakes;
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 And into Joy convert his Pain.
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 And into Joy convert his Pain.

S O N G LXXXVI.

PHILANDER and SYLVIA: *A Pastoral Dialogue.*

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

Phil. **W**Hile Blossoms deck each verdant Spray,
 And *Flora* breathes the Sweets of *May*,
 I'll leave my Flock to frolick free,
 And tune my Pipe alone for thee.
 And tune my Pipe alone for thee.

Sylvia. What if thy Flock should leave the Plain,
 While Tray is sleeping by my Swain?
 Would'st thou not think the Minutes dear,
 And rail at me that kept thee here?
 And rail, &c.

Phil. First shall the Lark forget his Note,
 The Linnet stop his liquid Throat.

Sylvia. So oft you game, some Shepherds say,
 And only jest, when you betray.
 And only, &c.

Deck but your Song with Truth alone,
 My Virgin Heart shall be your own.

Phil. The Turtle shall forsake his Love,
 Ere I to thee inconstant prove.
 Ere I, &c.

Both. When Beauty opens all her Charms;
And Honour flies to Beauty's Arms,
Sweet Peace and Love take up their Crown;
And Virtue then ascends her Throne,
And Virtue then ascends her Throne.

SONG LXXXVII.

The COUNTRY WEDDING.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

WELL met, pretty Nymph, says a jolly young
Swain,

To a lovely young Shepherdess crossing the Plain;
Why so much in haste? (now the Month it was May)
Shall I venture to ask you, fair Maiden, which Way
Then straight to this Question the Nymph did reply
With a Smile on her Look, and a Leer on her Eye,
I came from the Village, and homeward I go;
And now, gentle Shepherd, pray why would you know

I hope, pretty Maid, you won't take it amiss,
If I tell you the Reason of asking you this;
I would see you safe home, (the Swain was in Love)
Of such a Companion if you would approve:
Your Offer, kind Shepherd, is civil, I own,
But see no great Danger in going alone;
Nor yet can I hinder, the Road being free
For one as another, for you as for me.

No Danger in going alone, it is true,
But yet a Companion is pleasanter too;
And if you could like (now the Swain he took Heart)
Such a Sweetheart as me, we never would part:
Oh! that's a long Word, said the Shepherdess then;
I've often heard say, there's no minding you Men;
You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
Then leave a young Maiden, the first Thing you do.

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Oh! judge not so harshly, the Shepherd reply'd,
 To prove what I say, I will make you my Bride;
 To-morrow the Parson (well said little Swain)
 Shall join both our Hands, and make one of us twain:
 Then what the Nymph answer'd to this is not said;
 The very next Morn to be sure they were wed:
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down,
 Now when shall we see such a Wedding in Town?

S O N G LXXXVIII.

The RESOLUTION.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

CEASE, *Cupid*, cease thy fond Alarms,
 For I am safe from future Harms;
 My Heart once free, shall ne'er again
 Or feel Love's Pleasure,
 Or feel Love's Pleasure, or its Pain:
 No; from this Day, this very Hour,
 I turn a Rebel to thy Pow'r;
 Since Truth and Honour cannot move,
 What, what have I to do with Love?
 What, what have I to do with Love?

A Nymph more fair I ne'er shall find
 Than lovely, faithless *Rosalind*:
 Beware, ye Swains, nor trust your Eyes,
 The Wretch who gazes surely dies:
 No Swain could vie in Bliss with me;
 No Nymph e'er seem'd more fond than she,
 Who vow'd by each dread Pow'r above;
 Then what had I to do but love?
 Then what, &c.

But when she found I hugg'd my Chain,
 Nor wish'd for Liberty again,

She

She bid me all my Hopes give o'er,
 And think of her and Love no more :
 Say then, if she no longer deign
 To hear my Vows, or soothe my Pain ;
 If she no more my Verse approve,
 What, what have I to do with Love ?
 What, what, &c.

Henceforth adieu, ye treach'rous Fair ;
 To Scenes far distant I'll repair ;
 In desert Plains, and Forests rude,
 I'll court my Mistress, Solitude :
 No more shall faithless Woman's Art
 Insnare my fond believing Heart ;
 Like Nature's Son, at large I'll rove,
 And have no more to do with Love.
 And have no more to do with Love.

S O N G LXXXIX.

COLIN and PHOEBE.

Set by Mr. Howard, Sung at Ranelagh.

WH E R E the Jefsamine sweetens the Bow'r,
 And Cowslips adorn the gay Green,
 The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the Scene.
 The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the Scene.
 In a Cottage, retir'd, there live
 Young *Colin* and *Phæbe* the Fair ;
 The Blessings each other receive
 In mutual Enjoyments they share.
 The Blessings each other receive
 In mutual Enjoyments they share.

and the Lads and the Lasses that dwell on the Plain,
sing in Praise of fair *Phæbe*, and *Colin* her Swain.

The Sweets of Contentment supply
The Splendor and Grandeur of Pride ;
No Wants can the Shepherd annoy,
While blest with his beautiful Bride.
No Wants, &c.

He wishes no greater Delight
Than to tend on his Lambkins by Day,
and return to his *Phæbe* at Night,
his innocent Toil to repay.
and return, &c.

and the Lads tell the Lasses, in hopes to prevail,
they're as constant as *Colin*, who lives in the Dale.

If delighted her Lover appears,
The fair One partakes of his Bliss :
If dejected, she soothes all his Cares,
And heals all his Pains with a Kiss.
If dejected, &c.

He despises the artful Deceit,
That is practis'd in City and Court ;
Thinks Happiness no-where compleat,
But where Shepherds and Nymphs do resort ;
Thinks Happiness, &c.
and the Lads tell the Lasses they die in Despair,
unless they're as kind as *Phæbe* the Fair.

Ye Youths who're accusom'd to rove,
And each innocent fair One betray,
No longer be faithless in Love ;
The Dictates of Honour obey.
No longer be faithless in Love ;
The Dictates of Honour obey :
Ye Nymphs, who with Beauty are blest,
With Virtue improve ev'ry Grace ;
The Charms of the Mind, when possesst,
Will dignify those of the Face ;

The

The Charms of the Mind, when possess'd,
 Will dignify those of the Face:
 And ye Lads and ye Lasses, whom *Hymen* has join'd
 Like *Colin*, be constant, like *Phæbe*, be kind.

S O N G X C.

X

CROSS PURPOSES. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

TOM loves *Mary* passing well,
 And *Mary* she loves *Harry*;
 But *Harry* sighs for bonny *Bell*,
 And finds his Love miscarry;
 For bonny *Bell* for *Thomas* burns,
 Whilst *Mary* slights his Passion:
 So strangely freakish are the Turns
 Of Human Inclination.

Moll gave *Hall* a Wreath of Flow'rs,
 Which he, in am'rous Folly,
 Consign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours
 It came again to *Molly*:
 Thus all by Turns are woo'd and woo,
 No Turtles can be truer;
 Each loves the Object they pursue,
 But hates the kind Pursuer.

As much as *Mary Thomas* grieves,
 Proud *Hall* despises *Mary*;
 And all the Flouts which *Bell* receives
 From *Tom*, she vents on *Harry*:
 If one of all the four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw People grummer;
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in good Humour.

Then, Lovers, hence this Lesson learn,
 Throughout the *British* Nation;
 How much 'tis every-one's Concern
 To smile at Reformation.

And

And still, thro' Life, this Rule pursue,
 Whatever Objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

S O N G XCI.

Advice to the Fair Sex, Sung at Vauxhall.

FORGIVE, ye Fair, nor take it wrong,
 If ought too much I do :

Permit me, while I give my Song,

To give a Lesson too.

To give a Lesson too.

Let Modesty, that Heav'nborn Maid,

Your Words and Actions grace ;

'Tis this, and only this, can add,

New Lustre to your Face.

New Lustre to your Face.

'Tis this that paints the Virgin Cheeks

Beyond the Pow'r of Art ;

And ev'ry real Blush bespeaks

The Goodness of your Heart.

The Goodness of your Heart.

This Index of a virtuous Mind

Your Lovers will adore ;

'Tis this will leave a Charm behind,

When Bloom can charm no more.

When Bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle Men

With nice Reserve behave ;

And learn, by Distance, to maintain

The Pow'r your Beauty gave.

The Pow'r your Beauty gave.

For

For this, when Beauty must decay,
 Your Empire will protect;
 The wanton pleases for a Day,
 But ne'er creates Respect.
 But ne'er creates Respect.

With this their silly Jests reprove,
 When Coxcombs dare intrude;
 Nor think the Man is worth your Love,
 Who ventures to be rude.
 Who ventures to be rude.
 Your Charms, when cheap, will ever pall;
 They fully with a Touch;
 And, tho' we mean to grant not all,
 We often grant too much.
 We often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair
 Expect the gen'rous Youth,
 Whom Heav'n has doom'd her Heart to share,
 And blest'd with Love and Truth.
 And blest'd with Love and Truth.
 For him alone preserve her Hand,
 And wait the happy Day,
 When he with Justice can command,
 And she with Joy obey.
 And she with Joy obey.

S O N G XCII.

Set by Mr. Arne, Sung by Mr. Lowe.

I Seek not at once in a Female to find
 The Form of a *Venus* with *Pallas's* Mind;
 Let the fair One I love have but Prudence in view,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true;
 Be her Person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean;
 Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her Mein,

By Folly, Ill-nature, nor Vanity led,
Nor indebted to Paint,—nor indebted to Paint,
For white or for red,—for white or for red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon in most of the Sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest:
May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her Wit:
Go find out the Maid that is form'd on my Plan.
And I'll love her for ever,—I'll love her for ever;
—I mean, if can,—I mean, if I can.

S O N G XCIII.

Sung in the Chaplet.

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the Heart,
While thus we sit round on the Grass :
The Lover who talks of his Suff'rings and Smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs, an Afs.
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.

The Wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten Pelf,
And wishes to add to the Mass,
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.
Deserves, &c.

The Beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd Hair,
An Angel beholds in his Glass,
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.
Deserves, &c.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,
Of *Cræsus* the Wealth to surpass ;

F

And

And oft, while he's wand'ring, my Lady at home
Claps the Horns of an Ox on the Afs,
Claps the Horns, &c.

The Lawyer so grave, when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well fronted with Brafs,
Tho' he talk to no Purpose, he pockets your Fee,
There you, my good Friend, are an Afs.
There, you, &c.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry Ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this Clafs;
The sick Man a while may confide in his Skill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Afs.
But Death, &c.

Then let us, Companions, be jovial and gay,
By Turns take our Bottle and Lafs,
For he who his Pleasure puts off for a Day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs, an Afs.
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.

S O N G XCIV.

Set by Mr. Baildon, Sung by Mr. Lowe.

WHEN first by fond *Damon Flavella* was seen,
He slightly regarded her Air and her Mein.
He slightly regarded her Air and her Mein.
'The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend,
Not warm as a Lover, but cool as a Friend;
From Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did move,
And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love.
And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love.
New Charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
Her Face grew a Wonder, her Taste was his own.
Her Face, &c.

Her Manners were gentle, her Sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear Virtue beam'd forth in her Mind :
 Still, still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove ;
 Till a Sigh gave the Omen, and show'd it was Love.
 Till a Sigh, &c.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the Fair,
 Grows dull to all Pleasure, but being with her.
 Grows dull, &c.

He's mute, till his Heart-strings are ready to break ;
 For fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
 And wanders a willing Example to prove,
 That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love.
 That Friendship, &c.

A Lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give Offence,
 Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Sense.
 Not a Dupe, &c.

His Passion not Wrinkles nor Age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And Time, that can Beauty's short Empire remove,
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love.
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love.

S O N G XCV.

Sung at Vauxhall.

D ID you see e'er a Shepherd, ye Nymphs, pass
 this Way,
 Crown'd with Myrtle, and all the gay Verdure of
 May ?

'Tis my Shepherd, oh ! bring him once more to my
 Eyes !

From his *Lucy*, in search of new Pleasures, he flies :
 All Day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the Plains,

In pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth my Pains.
In pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth my Pains.

Take care, Maids, take care, when he flatters and
swears,

How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own
Ears ;

Like the Rose-bud in *June* ev'ry Hand they'll invite,
But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of
Sight ;

And, trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her
Pains.

She'll find him, &c.

Three Months at my Feet did he languish and sigh,
Ere he gain'd a kind Look, or a tender Reply ;
Love, Honour, and Truth, were the Themes that
he sung,

And he swore that his Heart was a-kin to his
Tongue :

Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him, too frankly, my Heart for his Pains.
And gave him, &c.

The Trifle once gain'd, like a Child at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary, and threw it away :
Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
In search of another as silly as I ;

But, trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her
Pains.

She'll find him, &c.

Beware, all ye Nymphs, how you sooth the fond
Flame,

And believe me in Time, all the Sex are the same ;
Like *Strephon*, from Beauty to Beauty will range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change ;
And

And do all we can, till this Maxim remains,
That Man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
our Pains.

That Man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
our Pains.

SONG XCVI.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
And easy and chatty, and good-humour'd too,
That my Lips are as red as the Rose-bud in June,
And my Voice, like the Nightingale's, sweetly in Tune;
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me must flatter me more.
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If Beauty from Virtue receive no Supply,
Or Prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I!
My Ease and good Humour short Raptures will bring;
My Voice, like the Nightingale's, knows but a Spring;
For Charms such as these then your Praises give o'er,
To love me for Life, you must love me still more.
To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a Shape or an Air,
For *Chloe* the wanton can rival me there;
'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
And brightens Good-humour as Sun-shine the Day:
For that, if you love me, your Flame may be true,
And I, in my Turn, may be taught to love too.
And I, in my Turn, may be taught to love too.

S O N G XCVII.

Sung in the Chaplet.

YOU say at your Feet that I wept in Despair,
 And vow'd that no Angel was ever so fair:
 How could you believe all the Nonsense I spoke?
 What know we of Angels—I meant it in Joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but Death should my Passion remove;
 I have lik'd you a Twelvemonth, a Calendar Year,
 And not yet contented;—have Conscience, my dear.

S O N G XCVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Vernon.

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour
 To resist the tender Dart;
 For Examples move us never;
 We must feel, to know the Smart.
 When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our Beauties sets to View;
 Vanity, her Aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due.
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes
 Is the mild deceitful Strain;
 Frowning Truth our Sex displeases;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain:
 But, too soon, the happy Lover
 Does our tend'rest Hopes deceive:
 Man was form'd to be a Rover,
 Foolish Woman to believe.
 Foolish Woman to believe.

S O N G

S O N G XCIX.

In the Chaplet.

DAMON, PASTORA, LAURA.

DAMON.

THREE Goddesses standing together,
Thus puzzled young *Paris* one Day;
Can I judge the Value of either,
Where both bear so equal a Sway?

PASTORA.

Consider my Wit and Condition,
Consider my Person likewise;
I never was us'd to petition,
But pr'ythee make use of your Eyes.

LAURA.

No Merit I plead but my Passion;
'Twas needless to mention your Vow:
Reflect, with a little Compassion,
On what this poor Bosom feels now.

DAMON.

Some Genius direct me, or Dæmon,
Or else I may chance to choose wrong:—
You're Part of the Goods of *Palemon*; (To Past.
I give you to whom you belong.

PASTORA.

I know that my Person is charming,
Beyond what a Clown can discover;
That Dowdy your Senses alarming,
Proves what a dull Thing is a Lover.

I'll quit the dull Plains for the City,
Where Beauty is follow'd by Merit :
Your Taste, simple *Damon*, I pity ;
Your Wit who would wish to inherit ?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
And that I my Anger would smother :
The Loss of one Lover can't vex me ;
My Charms will procure me another.

I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you ;
How odious they look ! I can't bear 'em !
I wish you much Joy of your Fury ;
My Rage into Pieces could tear 'em !

DAMON.

Contented all Day I will sit at your Side,
Where Poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool Tide;
And, while the clear River runs purling along,
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song.
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me, no Danger I fear ;
Ye Lambs, rest in Safety, my *Damon* is near ;
Bound on, ye blithe Kids, now your Gambols may
please,
For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is at Ease.
For my Shepherd, &c.

DAMON.

Ye Virgins of *Britain*, bright Rivals of Day,
The Wish of each Heart, and the Theme of each Lay,
Ne'er yield to the Swain till he make you a Wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for Life.
For he who, &c.

LAURA.

LAURA.

Ye Youths, who fear nought but the Frowns of the fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their Care;
 Then scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet Creatures you're born to defend.
 Nor betray, &c.

Both.

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd;
 Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be found:
 Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
 To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their
 Youth.

To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their
 Youth.

S O N G C.

Sung in the Chaplet.

Farewel, my *Pastora*, no longer your Swain,
 Quite sick of his Bondage, can suffer his Chain:
 Nay, arm not your Brow with such haughty Disdain;
 My Heart leaps with Joy to be free once again:

Sing tol derol derol,
 Derol tol lol derol lol lol;
 Sing tol derol lol lol lol derol.

I'll live like the Birds, those sweet Tenants of *May*,
 Who always are sportful, who always are gay;
 How sweetly their Sonnets they carol all Day!
 Their Love is but Frolick, their Courtship but Play.

Sing tol derol. &c.

If struck by a Beauty they ne'er saw before,
 In chirping soft Notes they her Pity implore:
 She yields to Intreaty; and when the Fit's o'er,
 'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.

Sing tol derol, &c.

SONG CI.

Sung in the Chaplet.

DECLARE, my pretty Maid,
Must my fond Suit miscarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play;
But hang me if I marry,—hang me if I marry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play;
But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your Mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play;
But hang me if I marry.

With you, &c.

Tho' Charms and Wit assail,
The Stroke I well can parry;
I love to kifs, to toy and play;
But do not chuse to marry.

I love, &c.

Young *Molly* of the Dale,
Makes a mere Slave of *Harry*;
Because when they had toy'd and kifs'd,
The foolish Swain would marry.
Because, &c.

These fix'd Resolves, my dear,
I to the Grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, and kifs and play;
But hang me if I marry,—hang me if I marry.
With you I'll toy, and kifs and play,
But hang me if I marry.

SONG CII.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

THE Women all tell me I'm false to my Lafs,
That I quit my poor *Chloe*, and stick to my Glafs;
But,

But to you Men of Reason, my Reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare ;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :
But Goodness and Charms in a Bumper I see,
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My *Chloe* had Dimples and Smiles I must own ;
But tho' she could smile, yet in Truth, she could frown :
But tell me, ye Lovers of Liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a Frown in a Bumper of Wine ?

Her Lillies and Roses were just in their Prime ;
Yet Lillies and Roses are conquer'd by Time :
But in Wine, from its Age, such a Benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my Love would in Time have been
cloy'd,

And that Beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
But in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy ;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let Murders, and Battles, and History, prove
The Mischief that wait upon Rivals in Love :
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no Rival contends ;
For the more we love Liquor, the more we are Friends.

She too might have poison'd the Joy of my Life,
With Nurses, and Babies, and Squalling and Strife :
But my Wine neither Nurses nor Babies can bring ;
And a big-belly'd Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

We shorten our Days when with Love we engage ;
It brings on Diseases, and hastens Old Age :
But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries save,
And keep out t'other Leg, when there's one in the
Grave.

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to their Word,
 She has left me, to get an Estate, or a Lord :
 But my Bumper (regarding nor Title or Pelf)
 Will stand by me, when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear *Chloe* no longer complain ;
 She's rid of her Lover, and I of my Pain :
 For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts I spy :
 Should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper and try.

S O N G CIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard at the Jubilee Ball.

YE Medley of Mortals, that make up this Throng,
 Spare your Wit for a Moment, and list to my
 Song ;

What you would not expect here, my Wit shall be new,
 And, what is more strange, ev'ry Word shall be true :
 Sing Tantararara, Truth all, Truth all ;
 Sing Tantararara, Truth all.

Not a Toy in the Place you'll buy cheaper than mine,
 Bring your Lassies to me, and you'll save all your Coin :
 The Ladies alone will pay dear for my Skill ;
 For, if they will hear me, their Tongues must lie still.
 Sing Tantarararara, mute all, &c.

Tho' our Revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,
 Yet they practise all Day what they seem to despise :
 Examine Mankind, from the great to the small,
 Each Mortal's disguis'd, and the World is a Ball.
 Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

The Parson brimful of *October* and Grace,
 With a long taper Pipe, and a round ruddy Face,
 Will rail at our Doings ;— but when it is dark,
 The Doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the Clerk :
 Siag Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

The

The fierce roaring Blade, with long Sword and cock'd
 Hat,
 Who, with wounds he did this, and 'ds-blood ! he'll
 do that,
 When he comes to his Trial, he fails in his Part,
 And proves that his Looks were but Masks to his
 Heart.

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

The Beau acts the Rake, and will talk of Amours,
 Shews Letters from Wives, and Appointments from
 Whores ;

But a Creature so modest avoids all Disgrace ;
 For how would he blush, should he meet Face to Face!

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

The Courtiers and Patriots, 'mongst other fine Things,
 Will talk of their Country, and Love to their Kings ;
 But their Masks will drop off, if you shake but the Pelf,
 And shew King and Country all center'd in Self.

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

With an Outside of Virtue, Miss *Squeamish*, the
 Prude,

If you touch her, she faints ; if you speak, you are
 rude ;

Thus she's prim, and she's coy, till her Blossoms are
 gone,

And, when mellow, she's pluck'd by the Coachman,
 or John.

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

With a grave Mask of Wisdom, say Physic and Law,
 In your Case there's no Fear, in your Cause there's
 no Flaw :

'Till

Till Death and the Judge have decreed they look big
 Then you'll find you have trusted—a full bottom Wig
 Sing Tantararara, Masks all, &c.

Thus Life is no more than a round of Deceit,
 Each Neighbour will find that his next is a Cheat;
 But if, oh ye Mortals, these Tricks ye pursue,
 You at last cheat yourselves,—and the Devil cheats
 you.

Sing Tantararara, Masks all, Masks all.
 Sing Tantararara, Masks all.

S O N G C I V.

The NONPAREIL, Set by Mr. Boyce.

TH O' *Chloe's* out of Fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere,
 I'd toast her in a Bumper,
 If all the Belles were here :
 What tho' no Di'monds sparkle
 About her Neck and Waist,
 With ev'ry shining Virtue
 The lovely Maid is grac'd.
 With ev'ry shining Virtue
 The lovely Maid is grac'd.

In modest plain Apparel,
 No Patches, Paint, or Airs,
 In Debt alone to Nature,
 An Angel she appears.
 From gay Coquets, high finish'd,
 My *Chloe* takes no Rules,
 Nor envies them their Conquests;
 The Hearts of all the Fools.
 Nor envies, &c.

Who

Who wins her must have Merit,
 Such Merit as her own,
 The Graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one ;
 Then grant me, gracious Heav'n,
 The Gifts you most approve,
 And *Chloe*, charming *Chloe* !
 Will bless me with her Love.
 And *Chloe*, charming *Chloe* !
 Will bless me with her Love.

SONG CV.]

ROBIN HOOD.

Sung at Drury-Lane Theatre.

A S blith as the Linnet sings in the green Wood,
 So blith we'll wake, we'll wake the Morn.
 So blith we'll wake, we'll wake the Morn.
 And thro' the wide Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
 We'll wind the bugle, bugle Horn,
 We'll wind the bugle Horn.

The Sheriff attempts to take bold *Robin Hood*;
 Bold *Robin* disdains to fly.
 Bold *Robin* disdains to fly.
 Let him come when he will, we'll in merry *Sherwood*,
 Or vanquish, Boys, or die.
 Or vanquish, Boys, or die.

Our Hearts they are stout, and our Bows they are good,
 And well their Masters know.
 And well their Masters know.
 They're cut in the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
 And ne'er will spare a Foe.
 And ne'er will spare a Foe.

Our

Our Arrows shall drink of the fallow Deer's Blood
We'll hunt them o'er the Plain.

We'll hunt them o'er the Plain.

And, thro' the wide Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
No Shaft shall fly in vain.
No Shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave *Scarlet* and *John*, who were never subdu'd,
Gave each his Hand so bold.

Gave each his Hand so bo'd.

We'll range thro' the Forest of merry *Sherwood*;
What say my Hearts of Gold?
What say my Hearts of Gold?

S O N G C V I.

Sung by Mrs. Clive in, As you like it.

WHEN Daifies py'd, and Vi'lets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue,
And Lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the Meadows with Delight;
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
Mocks marry'd Men; for thus sings he:
Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! Word of Fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.
Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.

When Shepherds pipe on oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks;
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks;
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
Mocks marry'd Men; for thus sings he:
Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! Word of Fear,
Unpleasing to marry'd Ear.
Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.

S O N G

S O N G C V I I .

Sung at the New Theatre in the Hay-market.

HOW pleasant a Sailor's Life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery Main !
 No Treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his Gain :
 We're Strangers to Party and Faction ;
 To Honour and Honesty true ;
 And would not commit a base Action
 For Power or Profit in View.

CHORUS:

Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
 Or any such glittering Toys ?
 A light Heart and a thin pair of Breeches
 Go thorough the World, brave Boys!

The World is a beautiful Garden,
 Enrich'd with the Blessings of Life,
 The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
 Which Plenty too often breeds Strife ;
 When terrible Tempests assail us,
 And mountainous Billows affright,
 No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us ;
 But skilful Industry steers right.
 Then why should we, &c.

The Courtier's more subject to Dangers,
 Who rules at the Helm of the State,
 Than we, who, to Politics Strangers,
 Escape the Snares laid for the Great :
 The various Blessings of Nature
 In various Nations we try ;

No

No Mortals than we can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
 Then why should we, &c.

S O N G CVIII.

Set by Mr. Baildon, Sung at Marybone.

IF Love's a sweet Passion how can it torment ?
 If bitter, oh ! tell me whence comes my Content ?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate ? since I know 'tis in vain .
 Yet, so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 At once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.
 At once it both wounds me and tickles my Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate Silence I make my Love known :
 But oh ! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love !
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 Our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.
 Our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is Beauty ! how sweet are the Charms !
 How delightful Embraces ! how peaceful her Arms !
 Sute there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
 'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above :
 To Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield ;
 'Tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.
 To Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield ;
 'Tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

S O N G

SONG CIX.

HOPE: *A Pastoral, by Thomas Haynes**Set by Mr. Arne.*

MY Banks are all furnish'd with Bees,
 Whose Murmur invites one to sleep;
 My Grottos are shaded with Trees,
 And my Hills are white-over with Sheep:
 I seldom have met with a Loss,
 Such Health do my Fountains bestow;
 My Fountains all border'd with Moss,
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow.
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow.

Not a Pine in my Grove there is seen
 But with Tendrils of Woodbine is bound;
 Not a Beech's more beautiful green
 But a Sweet-briar twines it around:
 Not my Fields, in the prime of the Year,
 More Charms than my Cattle unfold;
 Not a Brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with Fishes of Gold.
 But it glitters, &c.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the Bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a Shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there:
 Oh! how sudden the Jessamine strove
 With the Lilac to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my Love
 To prune the wild Branches away.
 To prune, &c.

From

From the Plains, from the Woodlands and Groves,
 What Strains of wild Melody flow ;
 How the Nightingales warble their Loves
 From Thickets of Roses that blow !
 And, when her bright Form shall appear,
 Each Bird shall harmoniously join
 In a Concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.
 As—she may, &c.

I have found out a Gift for my Fair ;
 I have found where Wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that Plunder forbear ;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous Deed,
 For he ne'er cou'd be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a Bird of its young :
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such Tendernefs fall from her Tongue.
 Such Tendernefs, &c.

I have heard her with Sweetnefs unfold
 How that Pity was due to—a Dove ;
 That it ever attended the Bold ;
 And she call'd it the Sister of Love :
 But her Words such a Pleasure conveys,
 So much I her Accents adore,
 Let her speak, and, whatever she says,
 Methinks I should love her the more.
 Methinks, &c.

Can a Bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her *Corydon* sighs ?
 Will a Nymph, that is fond of the Plain,
 These Plains and this Valley despise ?
 Dear Regions of Silence and Shade !
 Soft Scenes of Contentment and Ease !
 Where I could have pleasingly stay'd,
 If aught, in her Absence, cou'd please.
 If aught, &c.

Not where does my *Phyllida* stray :
 And where are her Grotts and her Bow'rs ?
 Are the Groves and the Valleys as gay,
 And the Shepherds as gentle, as ours ?
 The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the Face of the Valleys as fine ;
 The Swains may in Manners compare ;
 But their Love is not equal to mine.
 But their Love is not equal to mine.

S O N G CX.

Sung at Vauxhall.

Moderniz'd from CHAUCER.

FROM sweet bewitching Tricks of Love,
 Young Men, your Hearts secure,
 Lest from the Paths of Sense you rove,
 In Dotage premature.
 In Dotage premature.
 Look at each Lass thro' Wisdom's Glass,
 Nor trust the naked Eye :
 Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care ;
 The Blind eat many a Fly.
 The Blind eat many a Fly.

Not only on their Hands and Necks
 The borrow'd white you'll find ;
 Some Belles, when Interest directs,
 Can even paint the Mind.
 Can even paint the Mind.
 Joy and Distress they can express ;
 Their very Tears can lye.
 Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a Spinster in the Realm
 But all Mankind can cheat,

Down

Down to the Cottage from the Helm,
 The learn'd, the brave, the great.
 The learn'd, the brave, the great.
 With lovely Looks, and golden Hooks,
 T'entangle us they try.
 Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill ;
 Was Earth of Parchment made ;
 Was ev'ry single Stick a Quill,
 Each Man a Scribe by Trade.
 Each Man a Scribe by Trade.
 To write the Tricks of half the Sex
 Would suck that Ocean dry :
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take care ;
 The blind eat many a Fly.
 The blind eat many a Fly.

S O N G CXI.

A PANEGYRICK on the LADIES :

*Being Chaucer's Recantation for The blind eat many
 a Fly.*

Sung at Vaux-hall.

RECITATIVE.

OLD Chaucer once to this re-echoing Grove
 Sung " of the sweet bewitching Tricks of Love ;
 But soon he found he'd sully'd his Renown,
 And arm'd each charming Hearer with a Frown :
 Then, self-condemn'd, a-new his Lyre he strung,
 And, in repentant Strains, this Recantation sung.

A I R.

Long since, unto her native Sky,
 Fled heav'n-descended Constancy ;

Nough

Nought now that's stable to be had ;
 The World's grown mutable and mad ;
 Save Women— they we must confess,
 Are Miracles of Stedfastness ;
 And ev'ry witty, pretty Dame
 Bears for her Motto——Still the same.

The Flow'rs that in the Vale are seen,
 The white, the yellow, blue, and green,
 In brief Complexion idly gay,
 Still set with ev'ry setting Day,
 Dispers'd by Wind, or chill'd by Frost,
 Their Odours gone, their Colours lost :
 But what is true, tho' passing strange,
 The Women never——fade or change.

The wise Man said, that all was vain,
 And Follies universal reign ;
 Wisdom its Vot'ries oft enthralls,
 Riches torment, and Pleasure palls ;
 And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral Rule,
 That each Man, soon or late's, a Fool ;
 In Women 'tis the Exception lies ;
 For they are wond'rous, wond'rous wise.

This earthly Ball with Noise abounds,
 And from its Emptiness it sounds ;
 Fame's deaf'ning Din, the Hum of Men,
 The Lawyer's Plea, the Poet's Pen :
 But Women here no one suspects ;
 Silence distinguishes that Sex ;
 For, poor dumb Things ! so meek's their Mould,
 You scarce can hear them——when they scold.

CHORUS.

An hundred Mouths, an hundred Tongues,
 An hundred Pair of Iron Lungs,

Five

Five Heralds, and five thousand Cryers,
With Throats whose Accents never tires,
Ten speaking Trumpets of a Size
Would Deafness with their Din surprize,
Your Praise, sweet Nymphs, shall sing and say;
And those that will believe it—may.
And those that will believe it—may.

S O N G CXII.

The TRIAL of CHAUCER'S GHOST.

Sung at Vauxhall.

By Mr. Lowe. Miss Norris, and Miss Stephenson.

Miss Norris.

THOU Traitor, who with the fair Sex had
made War,
Come hither, and hold up thy Hand at the Bar:
By a Jury of Damsels you now must be try'd,
For having your Betters traduc'd and bely'd.

Miss Stephenson.

How could'st thou such base Defamation devise,
And not have the Fear of our Sex in your Eyes?
Is all Decency gone—all Good-breeding forgot?
Speak, Varlet, and plead—art thou guilty, or not?

Mr. Lowe.

Not guilty, I plead, but submit to the Laws,
And with Pleasure I yield to these fair ones my Cause
But still, that my Trial more just may appear,
Speak louder and faster, or how should I hear?

Miss Norris.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright Toast,
By the conjuring up of an old *English* Ghost;

And made fusty *Chaucer*, without a Pretext,
Snarl posthumous Nonsense against the fair Sex?

Miss Stephenson.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright Maid
With that common-place Trash, that each Virgin
must fade?

And, without Fear or Wit, most assuming and bold,
Hast dar'd to suggest that we paint and we scold.

Mr. Lowe.

For want of Experience, when I was but young,
Perhaps such strange Falshoods might drop from my
Tongue;

But when I recanted for all my Sins past,
I thought I had made you amends at the last.

Miss Norris.

I'll promise you, Friend, you shall duly be paid
For the ample amends that you lately have made;
I find by your shuffling the whole Charge is true,
So I bring you in guilty without more ado.

Miss Stephenson.

Ironical Wits, like Destroyers of Game,
When they hide in a Bush, 'tis to take surer Aim—
By his shuffling I find too the whole Charge is true,
So I bring him in guilty as willing as you.

Mr. Lowe.

Convicted I stand, and submit to my Fate;
And fain would repent, but I find it too late;
If Death then, alas! is to be my Reward,
Why then I must die—but, by *Jove*, I'll die hard.

Miss Stephenson.

Since to Lengths so unbounded his Malice is carry'd,
To hang him were Kindness——

Miss Norris.

——— No ; let him be marry'd
To some musty old Maid, that's the De'il of a Shrew,
That will scold him——

Miss Stephenfon.

——— and beat him——

Miss Norris.

——— and cuckold him too,

Both together.

To some musty old Maid, that's the De'il of a Shrew,
That will scold him, and beat him, and cuckold him too.

S O N G CXIII.

In the Chaplet.

WHAT Med'cine can soften the Bosom's keen
Smart ?

What Lethe can banish the Pain ?
What Cure can be met with to soothe the fond Heart
That's broke by a faithless young Swain.

In hopes to forget him how vainly I try
The Sports of the Wake and the Green !
When *Colin* is dancing, I say, with a Sigh,
'Twas here first my *Damon* was seen.

When to the pale Moon the soft Nightingales moan
In Accents so piercing and clear ;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a Groan,
As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A Garland of Willow my Temples shall shade,
And pluck it, ye Nymphs from yon Grove ;
For there, to her Cost, was poor *Laura* betray'd,
And *Damon* pretended to love.

S O N G

S O N G CXIV.

Sung in the Shepherd's Lottery.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray ;
 The little Wand'rer lost her Way,
 In gath'ring Flow'rs the other Day ;
 Poor *Phillis*, poor *Phillis*, poor lovely *Phillis*.

Ah ! lead her home, ye gentle Swains,
 Who know an absent Lover's Pains,
 And bring her safely o'er the Plains ;
 My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind ;
 And, if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain Marks to find
 My *Phillis*, &c.

Whene'er a charming Form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she ;
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

Not boldly bare, nor half undress'd,
 But under Cover slightly press'd,
 In secret plays the little Breast
 Of *Phillis*, &c.

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,
 As makes you think a Dryad near,
 Ah ! seize her, and bring home my dear ;
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

The Nymph, whose Person, void of Art,
 Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry Part,
 With mard'ring Eyes, yet harmless Heart,
 Is *Phillis*, &c.

Whose Teeth are like an Iv'ry Row,
 Whose Skin is like the clearest Snow,
 Whose Face like——nothing that I know,
 Is *Phillis*, &c.

But rest, my Soul, and bless your Fate;
 The Gods, who form'd a Piece so neat,
 So just, exact, and so compleat,
 As *Phillis*, &c.

Proud of their Hit in such a Flow'r,
 Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
 Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous Hour,
 My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

S O N G CXV.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

WHAT beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!
 How closely yonder Vine
 Does round that Elm's supporting Height
 Its wanton Ringlets twine!
 That Elm (no more a barren Shade)
 Is with its Clusters crown'd;
 And that fair Vine without its Aid
 Had crept along the Ground.
 Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my fair One, move thy Heart
 Connubial Joys to prove;
 Yet mark what Care and Age impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on Love:
 Know thy own Bliss, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy Charms,
 The youthful God that rules the Year,
 And keeps thy Groves from Harms.
 And keeps thy Groves from Harms.

While

While some with short-liv'd Passion glow,
 His Love remains the same ;
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And cool his constant Flame :
 So shall no Frost's untimely Pow'r
 Deform the blooming Spring ;
 So shall thy Trees from Blasts secure,
 Their wonted Tribute bring.
 Their wonted Tribute bring.

S O N G CXVI.

LOVE and WINE in Alliance.

WHILE *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine in
 Alliance,
 With Forces united, bid resifless Defiance ;
 Each Touch of her Lips makes the Wine sparkle higher,
 And her Eyes by her drinking redouble their Fire.
 And her Eyes by her drinking redouble their Fire.
 Her Cheeks grow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
 As Flowers with sprinkling revive with fresh Odour ;
 His Dart dipp'd in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
 And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more en-
 during.
 And the Liquor, like Oil, &c.
 By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring ;
 And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and desiring,
 Relieving each other : The Pleasure is lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.
 And we never, &c.

Then *Phillis* begin, let our Raptures abound,
 And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round ;
 Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
 From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.
 From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

S O N G CXVII.

The Words by Mr. Doddsley, Sung in the King and the Miller.

HOW happy a State does a Miller possess,
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less!
 On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at Court :
 What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go ?
 The more he's bepowder'd the more like a Beau :
 A Clown in this Drefs may be honefter far
 Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.
 Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.

Tho' his Hands are so daab'd they're not fit to be seen,
 The Hands of his Betters are not very clean ;
 A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
 Gold in handling will stick to the Fingers, like Meal ;
 What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks ;
 In this a right noble Example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.
 Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate,
 In this too he'd mimic the Tools of the State,
 Whose Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
 And all his Concern's to bring Grift to his Mill :
 He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does lie ;
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing,
 If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King ?
 If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King ?

S O N G

S O N G CXVIII.

Set by Mr. Defesch.

HARK, *Daphne*, from the Hawthorn Bush
 The spotted Finches sing;
 In artless Notes the merry Thrush
 Salutes the blooming Spring:
 On verdant Bed the Violet lies,
 To woo the western Gale;
 While tow'ring Lillies meet our Eyes,
 Like love-sick Virgins pale.

The Rill that gushes o'er the Shore
 Winds murmuring thro' the Glade;
 So heart-struck *Thyrsis* tells his Moan,
 To win this clay-cold Maid:
 The golden Sun in fresh Array,
 Flames forward on the Sphere;
 Around the May-pole Shepherds play,
 To hail the flow'ry Year.

Say, shall we taste the breezy Air,
 Or wander through the Grove;
 There talk of *Sylvia's* wild Despair,
 The Prey of lawless Love?
 Ah! no, she cries, o'er *Sylvia's* Fall
 Exult not, tho' 'twas just;
 Dash not the Sinner's Name with Gall,
 Nor triumph o'er her Dust.

True Virtue scorns to fling the Dart,
 Herself above all Fear;
 When Justice stings the guilty Heart,
 She drops the gen'rous Tear:

Then own, ye Nymphs, this god-like Truth
 Is on your Hearts imprest ;
 On brightest Patterns form your Youth,
 And be for ever blest.

S O N G CXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Chambers, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous Passion,
 Source of all sublime Delights,
 When with mutual Inclination
 Two fond Hearts in one unites.
 Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
 If compar'd with true Content ?
 That false Joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent.
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless Passion brings Vexation ;
 But a chaste and constant Love
 Is a glorious Emulation
 Of the blissful State above.
 Of the blissful State above.

S O N G CXIX.

The HIGHLAND LADDY.

THE lawland Lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy ;
 How much unlike the graceful Mein
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddy !

O my

O my bonny, bonny Highland Laddy,
 My handsome, smiling Highland Laddy;
 May Heav'n still guard, and Love reward,
 The Lawland Lads and her Highland Laddy.

If I were free at Will to choose
 To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
 I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
 With Bonnet blue and belted Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest Beau in Burrowstown,
 In a' his Airs with Art made ready,
 Compar'd to him is but a Clown;
 He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland Kin and Daddy;
 Frae Winter's Cauld and Summer'r Sun
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and filken Bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass;
 I ca' him my dear Highland Laddy,
 And he ca's me his Lawland Lads,
 Sine rows me in beneath his Highland Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steddly,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland Laddy.
 O my bonny, &c.

S O N G CXX.

The Words by Mr. Gay.

ALL in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my True-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among your Crew?
William, who high, upon the Yard
 Rock'd by the Billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below;
 The Cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.
 So the sweet Lark, high pois'd in Air,
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
 If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her Nest.
 The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet
 Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.
 O *Susan!* *Susan!* lovely dear!
 My Vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me wipe off that falling Tear;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be
 The faithful Compass that still points to thee.
 Believe not what the Landmen say,
 Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind;
 They'll tell thee Sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry Port a Mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,
 Thine Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright;
 Thy Breath is *Afric's* spicy Gale;
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white;
 Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view
 Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms
William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The Sails their swelling Bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head:
 Her leav'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land;
 Adieu, she cry'd, and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

S O N G CXXI.

By Mr. Pope.

HAPPY the Man whose Wish and Care
 A few paternal Acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native Air
 In his own Ground:

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
 Whose Flocks supply him with Attire;
 Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
 In Winter Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, Days, and Years, slide soft away,
 In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
 Quiet by Day,

Sound

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Ease
 Together mix'd, sweet Recreation,
 And Innocence, which most doth please,
 With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the World, and not a Stone
 Tell where I lie.

S O N G CXXII.

A Hunting Song.

THE Hounds are all out, and the Morning does
 peep ;

Why, how now, you sluggardly Sot !
 How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
 While we all on Horseback are got,

My brave Boys ?
 While we all on Horseback are got.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's Cup
 So terribly lies in my Head ;
 Besides, my Wife cries, my dear, do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer in Bed.

My dear Boys ;
 But cuddle me longer in Bed.

Come, on with your Boots, and saddle your Mare.
 Nor tire us with longer Delay ;
 The Cry of the Hounds, and the Sight of the Hare,
 Will chase all dull Vapours away,
 My brave Boys ;
 Will chase all dull Vapours away.

S O N G

S O N G CXXIII.

Sung in Lethe.

YE Mortals, whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
 Whom Folly misguides, and Infirmities vex;
 Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest;
 Obey the glad Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

Old Maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the Rover they cannot regain;
 The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
 And *Chloe* again be with Passion enjoy'd;
 Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
 Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants;
 The troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,
 And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to-day;
 Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

S O N G CXXIV.

The Musick by Mr. Handel, the Words by Mr. Gay.

'TWAS when the Seas were roaring
 With hollow Blasts of Wind,
 A Damsel lay deploring,
 All on a Rock reclin'd:

Wide

Wide o'er the rolling Billows
 She cast a wistful Look ;
 Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
 That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious Days,
 Why didst thou, vent'rous Lover,
 Why didst thou trust the Seas ?
 Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
 And let my Lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled Motion
 To that within my Breast ?

The Merchant, robb'd of Pleasure,
 Views Tempests in Despair ;
 But what's the Loss of Treasure
 To losing of my dear ?
 Should you some Coast be laid on,
 Where Gold and Di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer Maiden ;
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain ?
 Why then beneath the Water
 Do hideous Rocks remain ?
 No Eyes the Rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the Deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
 And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each Blast with sighing,
 Each Billow with a Tear :

When

When o'er the white Waves flooping,
 His floating Corps she spy'd,
 Then, like a Lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her Head and dy'd.

S O N G CXXV.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

WHEN *Damon* first my Eyes beheld,
 My Heart with secret Transport thrill'd,
 And pit-a-pat it went ;
 Young, artless, innocent, and shy,
 So unexperienc'd was I,
 I wonder'd what it meant.

When'er I met him on the Plain,
 He'd kiss me, sigh, and kiss again,
 And sweetest Tales invent :
 And then he'd tell me he must die ;
 But, as I saw no Danger nigh,
 I wonder'd what he meant.

To Nymphs, whom Years had wiser made,
 I told the tender Things he said,
 And of his sad Complaint ;
 Full well the tender Things they knew,
 For they, like me, had heard them too,
 Nor wonder'd what they meant.

They answer'd, Love had touch'd my Heart,
 That *Damon*,^r by his Sex's Art,
 Might cause me to repent ;
 And that I should desire the Swain
 To tell me, when we met again,
 If he to wed me meant.

Rejoic'd such good Advice to find,
 I tripp'd, to let him know my Mind,

Across

Across the Mead intent:
 I told him, did he not design
 With me in *Hymen's* Bands to join,
 I wonder'd what he meant.

The Youth, whose Love was aw'd by Fear,
 Grew raptur'd such sweet Sounds to hear;
 Straight to the Church we went.—
 How wise we all by Marriage grow!
 Though foolish once, yet now I know,
 I know what *Damon* meant.

S O N G CXXVI.

Sung at Sadler's Wells.

YOUNG *Colin* fought my Heart to win,
 And woo'd as other Lovers woo;
 I, vers'd in all our Sex's Art,
 Did just as Maidens do;
 Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
 I'd study to be shy at,
 And when he press'd his Fate to know,
 'Twas pr'ythee, Fool, be quiet.
 'Twas pr'ythee, Fool, be quiet.
 Month after Month of am'rous Pain,
 He made a mighty Fuss;
 Why, if, you know, one loves a Swain,
 'Tis wrong to say one does.
 He told me, Passion could not live
 Without more pleasing Diet;
 And pray what Answer could I give,
 But pr'ythee, Fool, be quiet.
 But pr'ythee, Fool, be quiet.
 At length he made a bold Essay,
 And, like a Man, he cry'd,

Thy

Thy Hand, my dear ; this very Day
 Shall *Celia* be my Bride ;
 Convinc'd he wou'd haveteaz'd me still,
 I cou'd not well deny it ;
 And now, believe me, when I will,
 I make the Fool be quiet.
 I make the Fool be quiet.

S O N G CXXVII.

MATRIMONIAL DEAFNESS.

Sung at Sadler's Wells.

TWO Ears at a Time are too many for Use,
 When they're only the Inlet to Strife ;
 But few they are found, who, tho' wise, would refuse
 To possess the fair Organs of Life ;
 Yet Deafness sometimes of Advantage is found ;
 Misfortunes may turn to a Blessing ;
 For when Nonsense distracts, or when Tumults surround,
 They then lose the Pow'r of distressing.
 Hence I wisely am taught to be deaf of one Ear,
 While the other for Use I employ ;
 One Gate I shut up against Trouble and Care,
 And the other keep open for Joy :
 When my Consort begins her loud Windpipe to clear,
 With a Peal that would the World rend asunder,
 Serenely I sit, and I cock my deaf Bar,
 Unmov'd midst the Roll of the Thunder.
 T'other day comes a Dun, with, good Sir ! you well
 know——
 What say you ? speak louder a little :

You

You know, Sir, you borrow'd three Twelve-months
ago ———

Alas, Friend, I can't hear a Tittle :
You owe me ten Pounds, then louder he cries,
And repeats it as strong as he can ;
I point to my Ears, and lift up my Eyes,
Till he hardly can think me the Man.

I. as grave as a Don, cry, my Hearing's quite lost :
And my Money, says he, too, I fear :
Pox on him, 'tis Folly to talk to a Post,
So he leaves me, as mad as a Hare :
Thus my Life, Night and Day, in soft Indolence flows ;
Scolding, Dunning, nor Brawling I fear.
Ye marry'd Men all, as ye wish for Repose,
Be sure to be deaf of one Ear.

S O N G CXXVIII.

Sung by Miss Stephenson, at Vauxhall.

BY a prattling Stream, on a Midsummer's Eve,
Where Woodbines and Jess'mine their Boughs
interweave ;

Fair *Flora*, I cry'd, to my Arbour repair ;
I must have a Chaplet for sweet *William's* Hair.
I must have a Chaplet for sweet *William's* Hair.

She brought me the Vi'let that grows on the Hill,
The vale-dwelling Lilly, and gilded Jonquil ;
But such languid Odours how could I approve,
Just warm from the Lips of the Lad that I love ?
Just warm, &c.

She brought me, his Faith and his Truth to display,
The undying Myrtle, and ever green Bay ;

But

But why these to me, who've his Constancy known?
 And *Billy* has Laurels enough of his own.
 And *Billy*, &c.

The next was a Gift that I could not contemn,
 For she brought me two Roses that grew on a Stem;
 Of the dear nuptial Tye they stood Emblems confest;
 So I kiss'd them, and press'd them quite close to my
 Breast.
 So I kiss'd them, &c.

She brought me a Sun-flow'r;—This Fair-One's your
 Due;

For it once was a Maiden, and love-sick, like you.
 O give it me quick, to my Shepherd I'll run,
 As true to his Flame as this Flow'r to her Sun.
 As true to his Flame as this Flow'rs to her Sun.

S O N G CXXIX.

BALLY SPELLING.

Set by Mr. Howard.

ALL you that would refine your Blood,
 As pure as fam'd *Lewellin*,
 By Waters clear, come ev'ry Year,
 And drink at *Bally Spelling*:
 If Spots, or Itch, the Skins enrich
 With Rubies, past the telling,
 'Twill clear the Skin, before you've been
 A Month at *Bally Spelling*.
 If Lady's Cheek be green as Leek,
 When she comes from her Dwelling;
 The kindling Rose within it glows,
 When she's at *Bally Spelling*.

The

The footy brown, who comes to Town,
Grows here as fair as *Helen* ;
Then back she goes to kill the Beaux,
By dint of *Bally Spelling*.

Our Ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose or bright *Dunkelling* ;
And *Mars* might make a fair Mistake,
Was he at *Bally Spelling* :
We Men submit, as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling ;
The Reason's plain, the Ladies reign ;
They're Queens at *Bally Spelling*.

By matchless Charms, unconquer'd Arms,
They have the Pow'r of quelling
Such desp'rate Foes, as dare oppose
Their Pow'r at *Bally Spelling* :
Cold Water turns to Fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A Stream, that came from one bright Dame,
Who drank at *Bally Spelling*.

Fine Beaux advance, equipt for Dance,
And bring their *Ann* or *Nell* in,
With so much Grace, I'm sure no Place
Can vie with *Bally Spelling* :
No Politics, no subtle Tricks,
No Man his Country selling ;
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of these at *Bally Spelling*.

The troubled Minds, the puff'd with Wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in ;
And they are sure to work the Cure,
By drinking *Bally Spelling* :
If Dropsy fills you to the Gills,
From Chin to Toe tho' swelling ;

Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A Cure at *Bally Spelling*.

Death throws no Darts thro' all these Parts,
No Sexton's here a knelling;
Come, judge, and try, you'll never die,
And live at *Bally Spelling*;
Except you feel Darts tipt with Steel,
Which here are ev'ry Belle in;
When from their Eyes sweet Ruin flies,
We die at *Bally Spelling*.

Good Cheer, sweet Air, much Joy, no Care,
Your Sight, your Taste, your Smelling,
Your Ears, your Touch, transport much,
Each Day at *Bally Spelling*;
Within this Ground we all sleep found,
No noisy Dogs a yelling,
Except you wake for *Celia's* fake
All Night at *Bally Spelling*.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No Lady keeps her Cell in;
But all partake the Mirth we make
Who drink at *Bally Spelling*:
My Rhimes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring Hell in;
But since I'm here, to Heav'n so near,
I can't at *Bally Spelling*.

S O N G CXXX.

F A I R is the Swan, the Ermine white,
And fair the Lilly of the Vale;
The Moon, resplendent Queen of Night,
And Snows that drive before the Gale:
In Fairness these the rest excel;
But fairer is my *Isabel*.

Sweet

Sweet is the Vi'let, sweet the Rose,
 And sweet the Morning Breath of *May*;
 Carnations rich their Sweets disclose,
 And the sweet winding Woodbines stray :
 In Sweetness these the rest excel ;
 But sweeter is my *Isabel*.

Constant the Poets call the Dove,
 And am'rous they the Sparrow call ;
 Fond is the Sky-lark of his Love,
 And fond the feather'd Lovers all :
 In Fondness these the rest excel ;
 But fonder I of *Isabel*.

S O N G CXXXI.

MOGGY'S COMPLAINT OF JOCKEY.

ON the *Tay*'s verdant Banks a fair Maid lay
 reclin'd ;
 She wept to the Oziers that curv'd to the Wind ;
 While Écho to Sorrow so faithful and kind,
 Repeated her Complaints for her *Jockey*, her *Jockey*.
 Repeated her Complaints for her *Jockey*.

Not the Nightingale's Voice was more mournful and
 clear,

When thus she began ; 'tis for the Loss of my dear,
 That from Eyes, once so sparkling, enforces the Tear.
 The Tear which I drop'd for young *Jockey*, young
Jockey.

The Tear which I drop'd for young *Jockey*.

The Linnet his Mate chuses out of the Throng,
 And, when he has won her, sits all the Day long,
 Still proud of his Conquest, repeating his Song ;
 Not so did inconstant young *Jockey*, young *Jockey*.
 Not so did inconstant young *Jockey*.

He swore 'twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,
 And his Flame was as pure as the Light of the Sun;
 But the Maid that believes is as surely undone;
 For false and deceitful's young *Jockey*, young *Jockey*,
 For false and deceitful's young *Jockey*.

S O N G CXXXII.

Sung at the Theatres.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the *Englishman's*
 Food,
 It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood;
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good:
 O the Roast Beef of *Old England!*
 And *Old English* Roast Beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conqu'ring *France*
 To eat their Ragouts as well as to dance,
 We're fed up with nothing—but vain Complaisance:
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of old, were robust, stout and strong,
 And kept open House with good Chear all Day long,
 Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song:
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
 A sneaking poor Race, half begotten,—and tame,
 Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame:
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,
 Ere Coffee, or Tea, or such Slip-flops were known,
 The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown:
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

In

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
 They seldom or never return'd back again ;
 As Witness, the vaunting Armada of *Spain*.
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh ! then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And, when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
 right ;
 But now we're a Pack of—I could—but good Night
 O the Roast Beef of *Old England* !
 And *Old English* Roast Beef !

S O N G CXXXIII.

Sweet NAN of the Vale.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

IN a small pleasant Village, by Nature compleat,
 Of a few honest Shepherds the quiet Retreat,
 There liv'd a young Lads, of so lovely a Mein
 As seldom at Balls or at Court hath been seen ;
 The sweet Damask Rose was full-blown on her Cheeks
 The Lilly dispaly'd all its white on her Neck ;
 The Lads of the Village all strove to prevail,
 And call'd her, in Raptures, sweet *Nan* of the Vale.
 Sweet *Nan* of the Vale, sweet *Nan* of the Vale.
 And call'd her, in Raptures, sweet *Nan* of the Vale.
 First young *Hodge* spoke his Passion, 'till quite out of
 Breath,
 Crying, wounds he could hug her and kiss her to
 Death ;
 And *Dick* with her Beauty was so much possess'd,
 That he loathed his Food, and abandon'd his Rest ;
 But she could find nothing in them to endear,
 So sent them away with a Flea in their Ear,

And said no such Boobies cou'd tell a Love Tale,
 Or bring to Compliance sweet *Nan* of the Vale.
 Or bring to Compliance sweet *Nan* of the Vale.

Till young *Roger*, the smartest of all the gay Green,
 Who lately to *London* on a Frolic had been,
 Came home much improv'd in his Air and Address,
 And boldly attack'd her, not fearing Success :
 He said Heav'n form'd such ripe Lips to be kiss'd ;
 And press'd her so closely she could not resist,
 And shew'd the dull Swains the right Way to assail,
 And brought to his Wishes sweet *Nan* of the Vale.
 And brought to his Wishes sweet *Nan* of the Vale.

S O N G CXXXIV.

Sung in, As you like it.

BLOW, blow, thou Winter's Wind !

Thou art not so unkind,

Thou art not so unkind,

As Man's Ingratitude :

Thy Tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen ;

Thy Tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Altho' thy Breath be rude.

Altho' thy Breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky ;

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

As Benefits forgot :

Tho' thou the Waters warp,

Thy Sting is not so sharp,

Tho' thou the Waters warp,

Thy Sting is not so sharp,

H

As

As Friends remember'd not.
As Friends remember'd not.

S O N G CXXXV.

ANACREON'S DREAM.

Set by Mr. Arne.

AS I on purple Tap'stry lay,
And slept the tedious Night away,
Well warm'd within
With sparkling Wine,
I seem'd with Virgins brisk as *May*
To dance, and sing, and wanton play.
The Shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd, and look'd askew;
And ev'ry Swain
Upon the Plain
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too,
That I with Virgins had to do.
An am'rous Kiss I would have ta'en;
But, waking, found my Hopes were vain;
Then curs'd the Day,
Whose glaring Ray
Bereav'd me of so sweet a Pain;
Then strove to sleep and dream again.

S O N G CXXXVI.

Set by Mr. Howard.

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
With Soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee;

I'll visit oft the birken Bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our Haunts thou didst repair,
 By Green-wood, Shaw, or Fountain;
 Or where the Summer's Day I'd share
 With you upon yon Mountain:
 There will I tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
 With Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By Vows you're mine, my Love is yours,
 My Heart, which cannot wander.

S O N G CXXXVII.

In COMUS.

FAME's an Echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glitt'ring Bubble;
 A Breath can swell, a Breath can sink it;
 The wise not worth their keeping think it:
 Why, then, why such Toil and Pain
 Fame's uncertain Smiles to gain?
 Like her Sister, Fortune, blind,
 To the best she's oft unkind,
 And the worst her Favour find.

S O N G CXXXVIII.

In COMUS.

LIVE and love, enjoy the Fair;
 Banish Sorrow, banish Care;
 Mind not what old Dotards say,
 Age has had his Share of Play;
 But Youth's Sport begins to-day.

H 2

From

From the Fruits of sweet Delight
 Let no Scare-crow Virtue fright;
 Here, in Pleasure's Vineyards, we
 Rove, like Birds, from Tree to Tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

S O N G CXXXIX.

In COMUS.

COME, come, bid adieu to Fear;
 Love and Harmony live here:
 No domestic jealous Jars,
 Buzzing Slanders, wordy Wars,
 In my Presence will appear:
 Love and Harmony reign here.

Sighs to am'rous Sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, Bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm Wishes panting,
 Words to speak those Wishes wanting,
 Are the only Tumults here,
 All the Woes you need to fear:
 Love and Harmony reign here.

S O N G CXL.

In COMUS.

NOR on Peds of fading Flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy Pride,
 Nor with Swains in Syren Bow'rs,
 Will true Pleasure long reside:
 On awful Virtue's Hill sublime
 Enthron'd sits the immortal Fair;
 Who wins her Height must patient climb;
 The Steps are Peril, Toil, and Care:
 So, from the first did *Jove* ordain
 Eternal Bliss for transient Pain.

S O N G

S O N G CXLII.

In COMUS.

NOW lighter and gayer, ye tinkling Strings
 sound;
 Light, light in the Air, ye nimble Nymphs, bound :
 Now, now, with quick Feet, the Ground beat, beat,
 beat :
 Now, now, with quick Feet, the Ground beat, beat,
 beat :
 Now cold and denying ;
 Now kind, and complying ;
 Consenting, repenting,
 Disdaining, complaining,
 Indifference now feigning :
 Again, with quick Feet, the Ground beat, beat, beat.

S O N G CXLII.

In COMUS.

BY the rushy-fringed Bank,
 Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank
 My sliding Chariot stays,
 Thick-set with Agate, and the Azure sheen
 Of Turquoise blue, and Em'rald green,
 That in the Channel strays ;
 Whilst from off the Waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless Feet
 O'er the Cowslip's velvet Head,
 That bends not as I tread :
 Gentle Swain, at thy Request
 I am here.

SONG CXLIII.

Set by Signor Palma, Words from the Italian.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy Prime,
 Stranger to the Joys of Love?
 Thou hast Youth, and that's the Time
 Ev'ry Minute to improve:
 Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton Girls and Boys
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Infant's Prate and Mother's Joys?
 Only view that little Dove,
 Softly cooing to his Mate;
 As a farther Proof of Love,
 See her for his Kisses wait:
 Hark! that charming Nightingale,
 As he flies from Spray to Spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
 Sweetly tunes, &c.
 I love, I love, he strives to say.
 Could I to thy Soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth Part,
 Of those Pleasures Lovers feel,
 In a mutual Change of Heart;
 Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,
 Virgin Fears, from hence remove,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in Love.

SONG

S O N G CXLIV.

Set by Mr. Howard.

YOUNG *Roger* of the Mill, one Morning very
soon,

Put on his best Apparel, his Hose and clouted Shoon,
And he a wooing went to bonny buxom *Nell*;

Adzooks, cries he, could'st fancy me? I like thee
wond'rous well, I like thee wond'rous well.

My Horses I have drest, and giv'n them Corn and Hay,
Put on my best Apparel; and, having come this Way,
Let's sit and chat a while with thee, my bonny *Nell*:

Adzooks, cries he, could'st fancy me? I like thy
Person well, I like thy Person well.

Young *Roger*, your mistaken, the Damsel then re-
ply'd;

I am not in such Haste to be a Plowman's Bride:

Know, I then live in hopes to wed a Farmer's Son:

If it be so, says *Hodge*, I'll go; sweet Mistress, I
have done; sweet Mistress, I have done.

Your Horses you have drest, as I have heard you say:

Put on your best Apparel; and having come this Way,
Come sit and chat a while: O no indeed, not I;

I'll neither wait, nor chat, nor prate; I've other Fish
to fry, I've other Fish to fry.

Go take your Farmer's Son, with all my honest Heart,
What tho' my Name be *Roger*, that goes to Plow and
Cart,

I need not tarry long, ere I do gain a Wife;

There's buxom *Joan*, it is well known, she loves me
as her Life, she loves me as her Life.

Pray what of buxom *Joan*? can't I please you as well?
 For she has ne'er a Penny, and I am bouncing *Nell*,
 And I have fifty Shillings: The Money made him
 smile:

O then, my dear, I'll draw a Chair, and chat with
 thee a while, and chat with thee a while.

Within an Half-hour's Space, these two a Bargain
 struck;

I hope then with the Money they both may have
 good Luck:

I've forty Shillings more, with which a Cow we'll
 buy;

We'll join our Hands in Wedlock's Bands; then who
 but you and I; then who but you and I?

S O N G CXLV.

Set by Mr. Weldon, and Mr. Arne, sen.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind;
 Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd:
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet;
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread;
 Joys in circling Joys shall meet,
 Which Way e'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright;
 Toils of Empire Pleasures are:
 Thou shalt only know Delight;
 All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G

S O N G CXLVI.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR *Chloe*, whilst thus beyond Measure,
 You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
 You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
 And hoard up an Old-Age of Pain :
 Your Maxim, that Love is still founded
 On Charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion, from Beauty first drawn,
 Your Kindness will vastly improve ;
 Soft Smiles and gay Looks are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sun-shine, of Love :
 And, tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkness possess all the Skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby* with *Joan* by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder ;
 He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd ;
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder :
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night when old *Darby's* Pot's out,
 His *Joan* will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty or Wit they possess,
 Their several Failings to smother ;
 Then what are the Charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?

'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments that Love did bestow;
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth
 The best of all Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,
 Which Sickneſs nor Time can remove;
 For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love,
 A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
 By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe;
 The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
 Which decrepid Old-Age cannot freeze.

S O N G CXLVII.

GREENWOOD HALL: or, Colin's *Description* (to
 his Wife) of Vauxhall.

O Mary! ſoft in Feature!
 I've been at dear *Vauxhall*;
 No Paradife is ſweeter,
 Not that they *Eden* call:
 At Night ſuch new Vagaries,
 Such gay and harmleſs Sport,
 All look'd like Giant Fairies,
 And this their Monarch's Court.

Methought, when firſt I enter'd,
 Such Splendour round me ſhone,
 Into a World I ventur'd,
 Where roſe another Sun;
 Whiſt Muſic, never cloying,
 As Sky-larks ſweet I hear;
 The Sounds I'm ſtill enjoying;
 They'll always ſoothe my Ear.

Her

Here Paintings, sweetly glowing,
 Where-e'er our Glances fall ;
 Here Colours, Life bestowing,
 Bedeck this *Greenwood Hall* :
 The King there dubs a Farmer ;
 There *John* his Doxey loves ;
 But my Delight's the Charmer
 Who steals a Pair of Gloves †.

As, still amaz'd, I'm straying
 O'er this enchanted Grove,
 I spy a Harper * playing
 All in his proud Alcove :
 I doff my Hat, desiring
 He'd tune up buxom *Joan* ;
 But what was I admiring ?
 Adzooks a Man of Stone.

But now, the Tables spreading,
 They all fall to with Glee ;
 Not e'en at 'Squire's fine Wedding
 Such Dainties did I see :
 I long'd (poor starv'ling *Rover*) ;
 But none heed Country Elves ;
 These Folk, with Lace daub'd over,
 Love only dear themselves.

Thus, whilst 'mid Joys abounding,
 As Grafshoppers they're gay ;
 At Distance, Crowds surrounding
 The Lady of the *May* † :

H 6

The

† Alluding to three Pictures in the Pavillions, viz. the King and Miller of Mansfield, the Sailor in a Tippling-House in Wapping, and the Girl who is stealing a Kiss from the sleeping Gentleman.

* Mr. Handel's Statue.

† Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, sitting under a splendid Pavillion.

The Man i' th' Moon peep'd slyly,
 Soft twinkling thro' the Trees,
 As tho' 'twould please him highly
 To taste Delights like these.

S O N G CXLVIII.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

DE F E N D my Heart, ye Virgin Pow'rs,
 From am'rous Looks and Smiles,
 And shield me, in my gayer Hours,
 From Love's destructive Wiles :
 In vain let Sighs and melting Tears
 Employ their moving Art,
 Nor may delusive Oaths and Pray'rs
 E'er triumph o'er my Heart.
 My calm Content and virtuous Joys
 May Envy ne'er molest,
 Nor let ambitious Thoughts arise
 Within my peaceful Breast ;
 Yet may there such a decent State,
 Such unaffected Pride,
 As Love and Awe at once create,
 My Words and Actions guide.
 Let others fond of empty Praise,
 Each wanton Art display,
 While Fops, and Fools in Raptures gaze,
 And sigh their Souls away :
 Far other Dictates I pursue,
 (My Biss in Virtue plac'd)
 And seek to please the wiser few,
 Who real Worth can taste.

S O N G

S O N G CXLIX.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

GAY *Damon* long study'd my Heart to obtain,
The prettiest young Shepherd that pipes on the
Plain ;

I'd hear his soft Tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say no, often say no, when I long'd to
say yes.

And I'd often say no, often say no, when I long'd to
say yes.

Last *Valentine's* Day to our Cottage he came,
And brought me two Lambkins to witness his Flame ;
Oh ! take these, he cry'd, thou, more fair than their
Fleece ;

I could hardly say no, tho' asham'd to say yes.
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after, one Morning, we sat in the Grove ;
He press'd my Hand hard, and in Sighs breath'd his
Love ;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a Kiss ?
I design'd to've said no, but mistook, and said yes.
I design'd, &c.

At this, with Delight, his Heart danc'd in his Breast ;
Ye Gods, he cry'd, *Chloe* will now make me blest ;
Come, let's to the Church, and share conjugal Bliss ;
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say yes.
To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a Word in my Life ;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a Wife :
Then take ye, young Damsels, my Counsel in this,
You must all die old Maids, if you will not say yes ;
You must all die old Maids, all die o'd Maids, if you
will not say yes.

S O N G

S O N G C L :

A Loyal Song.

SAY, lovely Peace, that grac'd our Isle,
 Why you withdraw th' indulgent Smile ?
 Is it, you fly the Sons of Fame,
 That they the Pride of *France* may tame ?
 For *Mars* is rous'd by Wars alarms,
 And calls the *Britons* forth to Arms.

Our Chiefs, renown'd upon the Main,
 Once more in Arms shine forth again,
 Whose steady Courage dares oppose
 And stem the Pow'r of *Gallic* Foes.
 For *Mars*, &c.

What State but does its Fate deplore,
 Where-e'er the *British* Thunders roar ?
 All, all must in Subjection bow ;
 And to *Britannia's* Sons 'tis due ;
 For *Mars*, &c.

As *Rome* of old her Terrors hurl'd,
 And prov'd the Mistress of the World,
 The Globe itself must subject be
 To *Albion's* Sons, who rule the Sea ;
 For *Mars*, &c.

Arise, arise, to War's great Call ;
 Prepare to meet th' audacious *Gaul* ;
 And, in return for all your Toils,
 Return with Victory and Spoils :
 For *Mars* is rous'd by War's Alarms,
 And calls the *Britons* forth to Arms.

SONG CLI.

The WOUNDED MAID.

GENTLE Love, to paint my Lover
 Let thy Pencil be thy Dart,
 Let thy Pencil be thy Dart;

Ev'ry killing Grace discover
 Which is glowing in my Heart.
 Which is glowing in my Heart.

Be his lovely Eyes defining:
 But 'tis fatal to approach,
 But 'tis, &c.

Where ten thousand Charms are shining;
 I, alas, have gaz'd too much.
 I, alas, &c.

Be thy Pencil now descending;
 But descend with tender Care,
 But descend, &c.

Left the new-born Smiles offending,
 Which are ever springing there.
 Which are, &c.

Gently glide o'er ev'ry Feature,
 With bewitching Softness form'd,
 With bewitching, &c.

In his Composition, Nature
 Was by *Love* and *Bacchus* warm'd,
 Was by *Love*, &c.

Touch his Lips, design'd for pressing,
 Where thy own fond Mother's lies,
 Where thy, &c.

Everlasting Love expressing
 From his Mouth and from his Eyes.
 From his, &c.

Now

Now his Shape and Air surveying,
 How I chide my artless Song!
 How I chide, &c.

I my Fondness am betraying,
 And have done his Beauties wrong.
 And have, &c.

Oh! how ill I am performing,
 Tho' assisted by thy Dart,
 Tho' assisted by thy Dart!
Florio's Picture is more charming,
 It has painted in my Heart.
 It has painted in my Heart.

S O N G CLII.

The R A C E.

IF from the Lustre of the Sun,
 To catch your fleeting Shade you run,
 In vain is all your Haste, Sir.
 In vain is all your Haste, Sir.
 But if your Feet reverse the Race,
 The Fugitive will urge the Chace,
 And follow you as fast, Sir.
 And follow you as fast, Sir.

Thus, if at any Time, as now,
 Some scornful *Flavia* you pursue,
 In hopes to overtake her.
 In hopes, &c.

Be sure you ne'er too eager be;
 But look upon't as cold as she.
 And seemingly forsake her.
 And seemingly, &c.

So I and *Phyllis*, t'other Day,
 Were coursing round a Cock 'of Hay,
 Whilst I cou'd ne'er o'erget her.
 Whilst I cou'd ne'er o'erget her.
 But when I found I ran in vain,
 Quite tir'd, I turn'd me back again,
 And, flying from her, met her.
 And, flying from her, met her.

S O N G CLIII.

Set by Corelli.

DE A R Madam, old *Homer*, an honest blind Bard,
 Has told us (and who need dispute the Man's
 Word ?)

To withstand the sweet Syrens deluding soft Strain,
 How weak ev'ry Art was, all Efforts how vain ;
 To withstand the sweet Syrens deluding soft Strain,
 How weak ev'ry Art was, all Efforts how vain.

To the Charms of the Voice those of Beauty were join'd,
 (How pow'rful, when single ! resistless, combin'd !)
 And, living in Ocean some dreadful sharp Rocks on,
 Whole Heaps of poor Fars were allur'd to Destruction.
 And, living, &c.

For, soon as their sweet flowing Accents were heard,
 Plum against the rough Rocks the mad Mariners steer'd:
 Thus, like a poor Bird, by the Charmer decoy'd,
 The Vessel was split, and the Sailors destroy'd.
 Thus, like, &c.

Now, Madam, believe, for 'tis certainly true,
 Just, just such a terrible Creature are you :
 You act to Perfection the Sirens fell Part,
 We are drawn by your Charms, and the Rock is your
 Heart.

You act, &c.

But

But since, cruel Fair, 'tis in vain to deplore,
 Or repine at what Thousands have suffer'd before,
 I submit; but, oh! grant this last Boon to your Slave,
 As I die by your Heart, be your Bosom my Grave,
 I submit; but, oh! grant this last Boon to your Slave,
 A I die by your Heart, be your Bosom my Grave.

S O N G CLIV.

THO' form'd by the tenderest Care of young Love,
 A wonderful Cluster of Charms you appear;
 So sweet no *May* Morning, so gentle no Dove,
 The Rose not so blooming, the Lilly so fair,
 Yet nothing shall make me submit to your Chain;
 For free I was born, and free will remain,
 For free I was born, and free will remain.

Tho' the Di'mond was foil'd when match'd with your
 Eyes;

Tho' Ermine and Snow were disgrac'd by your Skin,
 Tho' your Soul too was lovely, noble, and wise,
 All Lustre without, and all Sweetness within.
 Yet nothing, &c.

Tho' your Hair, black as Jet, with beautiful Twine
 Down your Shoulders in Ringlets wantonly flow'd;
 Your Shape was Perfection, your Air was divine,
 You spoke like an Angel, and mov'd like a God;
 Yet nothing shall make me submit to your Chain,
 For free I was born, and free will remain,
 For free I was born, and free will remain.

S O N G CLV,

F A I R C H L O E.

COME, all ye young Spirits of lively Address,
 Ye Arts that can Joy and Good-humour express

Come all the soft Numbers that *Ovid* has writ,
 To sweeten my Language, inspire my Wit;
 For these are all wanting my Flame to declare,
 Since *Chloe*, tho' pretty, is witty as fair.
 With Flatt'ry attempt not her Bosom to move;
 She'll see thro' the Fraud, and perceive it from Love;
 Her Wit is so ready, her Judgment so clear,
 With a Look she discovers the False from Sincere.
 'Tis Wisdom and Truth then my Flame must declare,
 Since *Chloe*, tho' pretty, is witty as fair.

SONG CLVI.

COMUS'S COURT.

COME hither, come hither, ye languishing Swains,
 Here's a Balm that will cure, and relieve all your
 Pains.

Here's a Balm that will cure, and relieve all your
 Pains.

To the Fountain of Pleasure, in Raptures, resort;

'Tis the Summons of Humour to *Comus's* Court.

'Tis the Summons of Humour to *Comus's* Court.

'Tis *Comus* invites; then the Summons obey;

A while leave your Cares, and to Pleasure away.

'Tis *Comus* invites; then the Summons obey;

A while leave your Cares, and to Pleasure away.

Here *Phœbus* shall sing, and old *Momus* shall laugh,

And his Bottle of Nectar brave *Bacchus* shall quaff,

And his Bottle, &c.

When Time, honest Time, for a while shall be still,

And sit down like a Soul till he tipples his fill.

And sit down, &c.

Nor Care nor mistrust shall intrude on our Joys;

For 'tis *Comus* invites;—then away my brave Boys.

For 'tis *Comus*, &c.

Should

Should Losses or Crosses perplex ye, be sure
 Ply the Glafs briskly round, for Misfortunes a Cure.
 Ply the Glafs, &c.

Æsculapius of old had Recourse to the Bowl,
 And the Doctor, you know, was a special good Soul
 And the Doctor, &c.

While Health, rosy Health, fills the Bumpers around
 For without 'em he swears there's no Blifs to be found
 For without 'em, &c.

Then away, ye brave Fellows, to *Comus's* Shrine,
 Where Friendship and Humour incessantly join.
 Where Friendship and Humour incessantly join.
 Where Freedom and Mirth with the Bottle unite,
 To beguile all your Care, and with Rapture delight.
 To beguile all your Care, and with Rapture delight.
 Then hark to the Call, and no longer delay ;
 For 'tis *Comus* invites ;—to his Temple away.
 Then hark to the Call, and no longer delay ;
 For 'tis *Comus* invites ;—to his Temple away.

S O N G CLVII.

WHEN *Fanny*, blooming fair,
 First met my ravish'd Sight,
 Caught with her Shape and Air,
 I felt a strange Delight :
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry Part,
 And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
 She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
 Ten thousand Loves appear ;
 There Cupid basking lies,
 His Shafis are hoarded there :

blooming Cheeks are dy'd
 With Colour all their own,
 selling far the Pride
 Of Roses newly blown,
 well-turn'd Limbs confess
 The lucky Hand of *Jove*;
 Features all express
 The beauteous Queen of Love:
 That Flames my Nerves invade,
 When I behold the Breast
 That too charming Maid
 Rife, suing to be prest!

round *Fanny's* Waist
 Has her own Cestus bound,
 With guardian *Cupids* grac'd,
 Who sport the Circle round:
 How happy will he be
 Who shall her Zone unloose!
 That Bliss to all but me
 May Heav'n and she refuse.

S O N G CLVIII.

MARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn
 Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn:
 The Hills and the Wood-lands we steer,
 Unharbour the out-lying Deer.

C H O R U S.

All the Day long, this, this is our Song,
 All hollowing and following, so frolick and free;
 Joys know no Bounds while we're after the
 Hounds;
 Mortals on Earth are so happy as we.
 And the Woods when we beat, how we glow!
 While the Hills they all echo, hallo!

With

With a Bounce from the Covert he flies ;
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies.
And all the Day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the Vallies, or climb
Up the health-breathing Mountains sublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel !
Which alone they that taste can reveal.
And all the Day long, &c.

At Night, when our Labour is done,
Then we will go halloing home,
With hollo, hollo, and huzza !
Resolving to meet the next Day.
And all the Day long, this, this is our Sor
Still halloing and following, so frolick and
Our Joys know no Bounds while we're
Hounds ;
No Mortals on Earth are so happy as we.

S O N G C L I X .

A B S E N C E .

YE Shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose Flocks never carelessly roam,
Should *Corydon's* happen to stray,

Oh ! call the poor Wanderers home :
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the Change that ye find ;
None once was so watchful as I :
—I have left my dear *Phillis* behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the Torture of Doubt and Desire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire :

Ah! lead forth my Flock in the Morn,
And the Damps of each Ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear *Phillis* farewell.

Since *Phillis* vouchsaf'd me a Look,
I never once dreamt of my Vine;
May I lose both my Pipe and my Crook,
If I knew of a Kid that was mine:
I priz'd ev'ry Hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I grieve thus in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the Plain,
Where I fed on the Smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite Maid,
The Pride of that Valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd
I could wander with Pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair Nymph to forego,
What Anguish I felt at my Heart!
Yet I thought— but it might not be so——
'Twas with Pain that she saw me depart:
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
My Path I could hardly discern:
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The Pilgrim that journeys all Day
To visit some far-distant Shrine,
If he bears but a Relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine:

Thus

Thus widely remov'd from the Fair,
 Where my Vows, my Devotion, I owe,
 Soft Hope is the Relique I bear,
 And my Solace where ever I go.

S O N G CLX.

SICK of the Town, at once I flew
 To Contemplation's rural Seat ;
 Adieu, said I, vain World adieu,
 Fools only study to be great :
 The Book, the Lamp, the Hermit's Cell,
 The moss-grown Roof, the matted Floor ;
 All these I had — 'twas mighty well ;
 But yet I wanted something more ;
 Yet I wanted, yet I wanted,
 But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy World again
 I soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary Pain,
 Quiet of Heart, and Peace of Mind :
 Gay Scenes of Grandeur ev'ry Hour,
 By Turns my Fancy fill ;
 The World seem'd all within my Pow'r ;
 But yet I wanted something still.
 But yet I wanted something still.

Cities and Groves by Turns were try'd ;
 'Twas, all, ye Fair, an idle Tale,
Celia at length became a Bride,
 A Bride to *Damon* of the Vale :
 All Nature smil'd ; the Gloom was clear'd ;
Damon was kind — I can't tell how ;
 Each Place a Paradise appear'd :
 And *Celia* wanted nothing now ;
Celia wanted, *Celia* wanted,
 And *Celia* wanted nothing now.

S O N G

S O N G CLX.

BUSY. curious, thirsty Fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Freely welcome to my Cup,
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up:
 Make the most of Life you may;
 Life is short and wears away.
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hasten quick to their Decline;
 Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore:
 Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.
 Will appear as short as one.

S O N G CLXI.

The MODEST QUESTION.

CAN Love be controul'd by Advice?
 Can Madneſs and Reason agree?
 O Molly! who'd ever be wiſe
 If Madneſs is loving of thee?
 Let Sages pretend to deſpiſe
 The Joys they want Spirits to taſte;
 Let me ſeize old Time as he flies,
 And the Bleſſings of Life while they laſt.
 Dull Wiſdom but adds to our Cares;
 Brisk Love will improve ev'ry Joy;
 Too ſoon we may meet with grey Hairs;
 Too late may repent being coy:

I

Then,

Then, *Molly*, for what should we stay,
 Till our best Blood begins to run cold ;
 Our Youth we can have but to-day ;
 We may always find Time to grow old.

S O N G CLXII.

WH O, to win a Woman's Favour,
 Would solicit long in vain ?
 Who, to gain a Moment's Pleasure,
 Would endure an Age of Pain ?
 Vainly toying, ne'er enjoying,
 Pleas'd with suing, fond of Ruin,
 Made the Martyr of Disdain.
 Made the Martyr of Disdain.

Give to me the handsome Rover,
 Whom a gen'rous Temper warms ;
 Kindly using ev'ry Lover ;
 Well-bestowing all her Charms :
 Never flying, but complying ;
 Frank and easy, glad to please ye :
 Throw me then into her Arms.
 Throw me then into her Arms.

S O N G CLXIII.

LET me wander not unseen
 By hedge-row Elm, or Willow green ;
 There the Plowman near at Hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;
 There the Plowman near at Hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land :
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his Scythe ;

While

While ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Vale.
While ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

S O N G CLXIV.

The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Because in good Wine there was Truth;
But, growing as poor as was *Job*,
Unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A Bumper to cherish his Heart,
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' some are so foolish to think,
He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,
'Twas only his Custom to drink
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.
Till the Liquor, &c.

Democritus always was glad
To tittle and cherish his Soul;
Wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
When over a full flowing Bowl:
As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And, when he was drunk as a Lord,
At those that were sober he'd laugh.
At those, &c.

Wise *Solon*, who carefully gave
 Good Laws unto *Athens* of old,
 And thought the rich *Cræsus* a Slave
 ('Tho' a King) to his Coffers of Gold;
 He delighted in plentiful Bowls;
 But, drinking, much Talk wou'd decline;
 Because it was the Custom of Fools
 To prattle much over their Wine.
 To prattle, &c.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
 Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Joys,
 Who in's Cups to the Oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
 Late Hours he most certainly lov'd
 Made Wine the Delight of his Life,
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable Scold of a Wife.
 Such a damnable, &c.

Theophrastus, that eloquent Sage,
 By *Athens* so greatly ador'd,
 With a Bottle would boldly engage;
 When mellow was brisk as a Bird;
 Would chat, tell a Story, and jest,
 Most pleasantly over a Glass,
 And thought a dumb Guest at a Feast,
 But a dull philosophical Afs.
 But, &c.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his Parts,
 Who tutor'd the Bully of *Rome*,
 Grew wise o'er his Cups and his Quarts,
 Which he drank, like a Miser, at home;
 And, to shew he lov'd Wine that was good
 To the last (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret.
 So fancy'd, &c.

Pythagoras did Silence enjoin

To his Pupils, who Wisdom would seek,
Because that he tippled good Wine,

Till himself was unable to speak ;

And when he was whimsical grown,

With sipping his plentiful Bowls,

By the Strength of the Juice in his Crown

He conceiv'd Transmigration of Souls.

He conceiv'd, &c.

Copernicus too, like the rest,

Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,

And thought that a Cup of the best

Made Reason the brighter to shine :

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,

And made his Philosophy reel ;

Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,

Turn'd round, like a Chariot Wheel.

Turn'd round, &c.

Anaxarchus, more patient than *Job*,

By Pestiles was pounded to Death ;

Yet scorn'd that a Groan or a Sob

Should waste the Remains of his Breath :

But sure he was free with his Glass,

And drank to a Pitch of Disdain,

Or the Strength of his Wisdom, alas !

I fear would have flinch'd from the Pain.

I fear, &c.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,

Had been but a Dunce without Wine ;

And what we ascribe to his Parts,

Is due to the Juice of the Vine :

His Belly, most Writers agree,

Was as big as a watering Trough ;

He therefore leap'd into the Sea,

Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Because, &c.

When *Pyrrho* had taken a Glas,
 He saw that no Object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was,
 Before he had liquor'd his Beard;
 For Things running round in his Drink,
 Which, sober, he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the Sceptick to think
 There was nothing of Truth to be found.
 There was, &c.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd Divine;
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone;
 But had it not been for good Wine,
 His Merits had never been known:
 By Wine we are generous made;
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings;
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

S O N G CLXV.

DEAR *Chloe*, attend
 To th' Advice of a Friend,
 And for once be admonish'd by me:
 Before you engage
 To wed with Old-Age,
 Think how Summer and Winter agree.

So ancient a Fruit,
 For want of a Root,
 Is doom'd to a speedy Decay:
 Youth might ripen your Charms;
 But Old-Age in young Arms
 Is like frosty Weather in *May*.

Believe me, dear Maid,
 When the best Cards are play'd,
 You seldom can meet with a Trump;
 And, to help the Jest on,
 When the Sucker is gone,
 What a Plague would you do with a Pump?

Let Men of threescore,
 Think of Marriage no more;
 They need not be fond of that Noose:
 The Cripple that begs
 Without any Legs
 Can have no great Occasion for Shoes.

A Clock out of Repair
 Doth but badly declare
 The Hour of the Day or the Night;
 For unless, my dear Love,
 The Pendulum move,
 'Twould be strange if the Clock should go right.

S O N G CLXVI.

THE Last that would know how to manage a Man,
 Let her listen and learn it from me,
 His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trepan,
 As the Time and Occasion agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her Wit,
 May wheedle the Clown or the Beau,
 The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
 By the Use of the pretty Word, No.

When powder'd Toupees all round are in chat,
 Each striving his Passion to show,
 With kifs me, and love me, my dear, and all that,
 Let her Answer to all be, oh, No.

When a Dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue asleep,
A Present, a Treat, or a Ball,
She still must refuse, if her Empire she'd keep,
And No be her Answer to all.

But when Mr. *Dapperwit* offers his Hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go,
With a Horse, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land,
She's an Idiot if then she says, No.

But if she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man,
When press'd to his Bosom, and clasp'd in his Arms,
Then let her say No, if she can.

S O N G CLXVII.

THE sweet rosy Morning
Peeps over the Hills,
With Blushes adorning
The Meadows and Fields.

CHORUS.

The merry, merry, merry Horn
Cries, come, come away ;
Awake from your Slumbers,
And hail the new Day.

The Stag rous'd before us
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full Cry.

CHORUS.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The musical Chace,
Where Pleasure and vigorous
Health you embrace.

The

The Day's Sport when over,
 Makes the Blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk Lover
 Fresh Charms for the Night.

CHORUS.

Then let us, let us enjoy
 All we can, while we may ;
 Let Love crown the Night,
 As our Sports crown the Day.

S O N G CLXVIII.

WOULD you obtain the gentle Fair,
 Assume a *French* fantastic Air ;
 Oft, when the gen'rous *Briton* fails,
 A foppish Foreigner prevails.

You must teach her to dance,
 As the Mode is in *France*,
 And make the best Use of your Feet ;
 Cock your Hat with a Grace,
 All be-brazen your Face,
 And dress most affectedly neat,
 And dress most affectedly neat.

Then bow down like a Bear,
 Hop and turn out your Toe,
 Lead Miss by the Hand, and leer at her ;
 Draw your Glove with an Air,
 At your white Stockings stare,
 And simper, and ogle, and flatter,
 And simper, &c.

Walk the Figure of eight,
With your Rump stiff and straight,
To turn her with delicate Ease;

Bow again very low,
Your Good-breeding to show,
And Missy you'll perfectly please.
And Missy, &c.

If these Steps you pursue,
You will soon bring her too,
And rife the Child of her Charms;
Her poor Heart will heave high,
And she'll languish and sigh,
And caper quite into your Arms.
And caper quite into your Arms.

S O N G CLXIX.

The HONEY MOON.

AS *May* in all her youthful Dress,
So gay my Love did once appear;
A Spring of Charms adorn'd her Face,
The Rose and Lilly flourish'd there:
Thus, while the Enjoyment was young,
Each Night new Pleasures did create;
Ambrosial Words drop'd from her Tongue,
And am'rous *Cupids* round did wait.

But, as the Sun to West declines,
The eastern Sky does colder grow,
And all his radiant Looks resigns
To the pale Moon, that rules below;
So Love, while in her blooming Hour,
My *Chloe* was all kind and gay;
But when Possession nip'd that Flow'r,
Her Charms, like Autumn, drop'd away.

S O N G CLXX.

STREPHON *and* PHILLIS. *A Dialogue.*

He. **W**HEN you for me alone had Charms,
 And none more happy fill'd your Arms,
 Your *Strepbon* flighted with Disdain,
 The fairest Maidens of the Plain.
 The fairest Maidens of the Plain.

She. While you remain'd to me sincere,
 Nor any Maid was yet more dear.
 I then was blest, my Joys were true,
 And I approv'd no Swain but you.
 And I approv'd, &c.

He. But *Delia* now has won my Heart,
 And does an equal Flame impart;
 Thro' sportive Meads and Woods we rove,
 And tell our pleasing Tales of Love.
 And tell, &c.

She. *Collin* is now my Joy and Care,
 Each Tree our plighted Vows shall bear;
 And sweetly glides the Summer's Day,
 While ev'ry Month with him is *May*.
 While ev'ry, &c.

He. What if our former Loves return,
 And all my Bosom for you burn;
 If gentle *Delia* please no more,
 And I'm your *Strepbon* as before?
 And I'm, &c.

She. If *Phillis* may be woo'd again,
 I'll leave the Shepherds of the Plain;
 Will love my *Strepbon* kind and true,
 And live and die alone with you.
 And live, &c.

Bath.

Both. The Swain and Maid no more can prove
 Unfaithful to each other's Love ;
 Their Breasts shall ever beat the same,
 And Love shine forth with purest Flame,
 And Love shine forth with purest Flame.

S O N G CLXXI.

LOVE REWARDED.

WITH *Phæbus* I often arose,
 To feast on the Charms of the Spring,
 The Fragrance to smell of the Rose,
 Or listen to hear the Birds sing :
 When Linnets exalted their Strains,
 The Music enchanted my Ear ;
 My Eyes too were blest'd on the Plains
 With various sweet Blooms of the Year.

When *Chloe* shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the Scene of Delight ;
 My Thoughts she engross'd all the Day,
 I saw her in Dreams all the Night ;
 Still musing on *Chloe* I walk'd,
 My Harvest no more in my Thought :
 Of nothing but *Chloe* I talk'd ;
 Her Smiles were the Harvest I sought.

No longer the Warblers could please ;
 No longer the Roses look'd gay ;
 For Music and Sweetness and Ease
 Were lost, if my Love was away :
 I tun'd to her Beauties my Lays,
 I study'd each Art that could move ;
 She took the kind Tribute of Praise,
 And paid it with Fondness and Love.

S O N G

SONG CLXXII.

STELLA and *Flavia*, ev'ry Hour,
 Do various Hearts surprize ;
 In *Stella's* Soul is all her Pow'r,
 And *Flavia's* in her Eyes :
 More boundless *Flavia's* Conquests are,
 And *Stella's* more confin'd ;
 All can discern a Face that's fair,
 But few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella, like *Britain's* Monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated Lands :
 Like eastern Tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
 To rule o'er barren Sands :
 Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy Face,
 Thy Beauty's only Store ;
 Each Day that makes thy Charms decrease
 Will give to *Stella* more.

SONG CLXXIII.

MUSIC has Pow'r to melt the Soul,
 By Beauty Nature's sway'd ;
 Each can the Universe controul,
 Without the other's Aid ;
 Each can the Universe controul,
 Without the other's Aid.
 But here together both appear,
 And Force united try ;
 Music enchants the list'ning Ear,
 And Beauty charms the Eye ;
 Music enchants, &c.

What

What Cruelty these Pow'rs to join !
 These Transports who can bear !
 Oh ! let the Sound be less divine,
 Or look the Nymph less fair !
 Oh ! let the Sound be less divine,
 Or look the Nymph less fair !

S O N G CLXXIV.

C O N T E N T M E N T .

O True Content ! secure from Harms,
 What's all the World without thy Charms :
 Which still allure to Rest ?
 Compar'd therewith, all earthly Joys
 Are empty, fading, trifling Toys :
 In thee Mankind is blest.

Bereft of thee, not Monarchs have
 Such Pleasure as the meanest Slave,
 To whom thou giv'st Relief ;
 Tho' Subjects show profound Respect,
 Nor Duty wilfully neglect,
 Thy Absence causes Grief.

When thou art banish'd from the Mind,
 Frail Mortals vainly are inclin'd
 To Pride and Avarice,
 Lasciviousness, Idolatry,
 Thefts, Murders, and Adultery,
 With ev'ry other Vice.

But where thou reign'st there's solid Peace ;
 Thro' thee true Virtue does increase ;
 Thy Countenance expels
 The gloomy Prospects of Despair ;
 It dissipates the slavish Fear,
 With whomsoever it dwells.

Come, then, thou pleasing Beauty bright ?
 Reside with me both Day and Night,
 Display thy lovely Charms ;
 Be thou diffus'd within my Breast,
 And let me still securely rest
 Infolded in thy Arms.

Thro' all the various Scenes of Life,
 Preserve me free from envious Strife,
 On Heav'n still to rely
 For true protecting Aid ; and when
 Time terminates in Death, oh ! then
 To thee, O Heav'n ! to fly.

S O N G CLXXV.

In Eliza, an English Opera.

WITH Swords on their Thighs the bold Yeo-
 men are seen,
 For their Country they arm, their Religion and
 Queen.

For their Country, &c.

How glorious their Ardour to lay down their Lives
 In Defence of their Freedom, their Children and
 Wives.

Ye Tyrants, ye know not what Liberty yields,
 How she guards all our Shores, and protects all our
 Fields.

As *Hebe* she's fair, and as *Hercules* strong,
 She's the Queen of our Mirth, and the Joy of our
 Song.

To

To Liberty raise up the high chearful Strain,
 Fill the Goblets around to the Lords of the Main.
Eliza is Queen, and her brave loyal Band,
 Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land.

S O N G CLXXVI.

Sung in the Opera of Eliza.

WHEN all the *Attic* Fire was fled,
 And all the *Roman* Virtue dead,
 Poor Freedom lost her Seat.
 Poor Freedom lost her Seat.
 The *Gothic* Mantle spread a Night,
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading Light.
 The Muses lost their Mate.
 The Muses lost their Mate.
 Where should they wander,
 Where should they wander,
 What new Shore
 Had yet a Laurel left in Store.
 To this blest Isle they steer,
 To this blest Isle they steer.
 Soon the *Parnassian* Choir was heard,
 Soon Virtue's sacred Form appear'd,
 And Freedom soon was here.
 And Freedom soon was here.
 The lazy Monk has lost his Cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd Bell,
 She calls thee now by me.
 She calls thee now by me.
 Hark, hark, hark, her Voice all plaintive sounds,
 See, see, see, she receives a thousand Wounds,

If

If shielded not by thee.
If shielded not by thee.

S O N G CLXXVII.

KITTY's *Praise*.

IN Notes sublime my daring Muse
Express your tuneful Lays,
No Subject fitter you can chuse,
Than lovely *Kitty's* Praise.
With Warmth proclaim each tender Charm
That rais'd my hapless Flame,
With Joy relate each soft Alarm,
That rise at *Kitty's* Name.

The mighty Gods may *Venus* prize ;
But little do they know,
That *Kitty* does superior rise,
And charms this World below.
Adorn'd with each attractive Grace
Appears the lovely Maid,
Bewitching Softness in her Face,
She needs no Cestus' Aid.

Her Eyes superior Brightness own,
Than e'er the Sun could prove ;
That Planet nought but Warmth has shown,
Her Eyes dart pow'rful Love.
Altho' Mankind can ne'er agree,
And Discord bears the Sway ;
In this, with Joy, they join with me,
That *Kitty* bears the Bay.

Kind *Cupid*, hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r,
And ease my Love-sick Mind ;
Bestow on me the lovely Fair,
And make the Charmer kind.

The

The Gods themselves when her I win,
 May roll in Joys divine ;
 My only Wish is *Kitty W—ne*.
 I'm blest'd when she is mine.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

*Sung by Mrs. Clive, in the Farce of High Life below
 Stairs, Set by Mr. Batterhill.*

COME here, fellow Servants, and listen to me,
 I'll shew you how those of superior Degree,
 Are only Dependents, no better than we.
 Are only Dependents, no better than we.

Both high and low in this do agree,
 'Tis here fellow Servant, and there fellow Servant,
 and all in a Livery.

'Tis here, fellow Servant, and there, fellow Servant,
 and all in a Livery, all in a Livery.

See yonder fine Spark in Embroidery drest,
 Who bows to the Great, and if they smile, is blest;
 What is he, i'faith, but a Servant at best.
Cho, Both High, &c.

Nature made all alike, no Distinction she craves,
 So we laugh at the great World, its Fools and its
 Knaves ;

For we are all Servants, but they are all Slaves.
 Both high, &c.

The fat shining Glutton looks up to his Shelf,
 The wrinkled lean Miser bows down to his Pelf,
 And the Curl-pated Beau is a Slave to himself.
 Both high, &c.

The gay sparkling Belle, who the whole Town a-
 larms,

and with Eyes, Lips, and Neck, sets the Smarts all
in Arms,

a Vassal herself, a meer Drudge to her Charms.

Both high, &c.

then we'll drink like our Betters, and laugh, sing,
and love ;

and when sick of one Place, to another we'll move,

or with Little and Great, the best Joy is to rove.

Both high, &c.

S O N G CLXXIX.

'TIS TIME ENOUGH YET, *Sung by Mr. Atkins.*

A Term full as long as the Siege of old Troy,
To win a sweet Girl I my Time did employ.

To win a sweet Girl I my Time did employ.

Of urg'd her the Day of our Marriage to set,

As often she answer'd, 'tis Time enough yet.

As often she answer'd, 'tis Time enough yet.

told her, at last, that her Passions were wrong,

And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long,

She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,

And humming a Tune, cry'd, 'tis Time enough yet.

Time enough yet, &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,

flew from her Presence, and bounc'd out of Door,

Resolv'd of her Usage the better to get,

Or on her my Eyes again never to set.

Never to set, &c.

To me the next Morning her Maid came in haste,

and beg'd, for God's sake, I'd forget what was past,

declar'd her young Lady did nothing but fret ;

told her I'd think on't, 'twas Time enough yet.

Time enough yet, &c.

She

She next in a Letter, as long as my Arm,
 Declar'd, from her Soul, she intended no Harm,
 And begg'd I the Day for our Marriage would set,
 I wrote her an Answer, 'tis Time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

But that was scarce gone when a Message was sent,
 To shew in my Heart I began to relent,
 I begg'd I might see her; together we met,
 We kist and were Friends again, so we are yet,
 So we are yet, &c.

S O N G CLXXX.

Sit by Mr. Crome.

ROUSE, *Britons*, rouse and face the Foe,
 Support your brave Ally;
 His Ardour imitate, and throw
 Destruction on their Perfidy.

Tune, tune your Notes to chearful Strains,
 Ye lovely Nymphs and jolly Swains,
 With joyful Hearts we'll gladly sing,

Long live the Brave, long live the Brave,
 Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.
 Long live the Brave, long live the Brave,
 Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.
 Long live the Brave, long live the Brave,
 Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.
 Long live the Brave, long live the Brave,
 Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.

With joyful Hearts we'll gladly sing,
 Long live the *Prussian* King
 With joyful Hearts we'll gladly sing,
 Long live the *Prussian* King.

Long

Long live the Brave, long live the Brave,
Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.

Brave, long live the Brave,
Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.

Brave, long live the Brave,
Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.

Brave, long live the Brave,
Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.

at *Poitiers*, *Cressy's* Battles spur
Thy sleeping Valour on to Fame,
Convince the *French*, without Demur
You've caught a Spark of *Frederick's* Flame.
Tune, tune your Notes, &c.

That Hero may Success attend,
Who does so well support his Cause ;
Join, *Britons*, join your noble Friend,
First beat the *French*, then give them Laws.
Tune, tune your Notes to chearful Strains,
Ye lovely Nymphs and jolly Swains,
With joyful Hearts we'll gladly sing,
Long live the Brave, the *Prussian* King.

S O N G CLXXXI.

ADVICE TO DAPHNE.

PRETTY, little, modest Fair,
Sweetly soft and debonair,
Sweetly soft and debonair,
Why so fond of giving Pain,
Where's the Merit of Disdain.

Can Female Frowns assuage,
Thy impetuous, frantick Rage,
O, fair Maid, in Beauty's Bloom,
Some latent Evil come.

Stetely

Stately Forms must soon decay,
 Wanton Youth will steal away.
 Wanton Youth will steal away.
 Mark the fragrant budding Rose,
 How it blossoms, how it flows.

Such is Beauty's transient Boast.
 Such the Eye that sparkles most,
 Haste then, *Daphne*, haste to live,
 Kindness take, and Kindness give.

S O N G CLXXXII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe and Mrs. Lampe.

NOW the happy Knot is ty'd,
Betsy is my charming Bride,
 Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
 Revel all without Controul.
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !

Now adieu to Maiden Arts,
 Angling for unguarded Hearts ;
 Welcome *Hymen's* lasting Joys,
 Lispering wanton Girls and Boys,
 Girls as fair as lovely *Bet*,
 Boys as sweet as *Colinet*.

Tho' ripe Sheaves of yellow Corn,
 Now my plenteous Barn adorn ;
 Tho' I've deck'd my Myrtle Bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest Flow'rs,
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the Charms of lovely *Bet*.

Tho' on *Sundays* I was seen
 Drefs'd like any *May-day* Queen,
 Tho' six Sweethearts daily strove
 To deserve thy *Betty's* Love,
 Them I quit without Regret,
 All my Joy's in *Colinet*.

Strike up then the Rustick Lay,
 Crown with Sports our Bridal Day ;
 May each Lad a Mistress find,
 Like my *Betsy*, fair and kind,
 And each Lads a Husband get,
 Fond and true as *Colinet*.

Ring the Bells and fill the Bowl,
 Revel all without Controul,
 May the Sun ne'er rise or set,
 But with Joy to happy *Bet*,
 And her faithful *Colinet*.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

A BALLAD in the Scottish Taste.

THE Lads of the West was witty and free,
 Her Looks gay and winning, her Eyne full
 of Glee ;

The Lads all around lovely *Nancy* did wooe,
 But none lov'd like *Willy*, like *Willy* so true !

In a cool poplar Shade, near a slow running Stream,
 The Shepherd thus warbled, and this was his Theme :
 While I strive to be free, I am limed all o'er,
 And the more that I struggle, am tangled the more.

Over Hills and high Mountains full far have I been ;
 Fine Assemblies, in fine Towns, full oft have I seen :
 By

By the Banks of rough *Severn*, by smooth gliding
Thame,

Thro' gay *London* Damsels, right Heart-free I came,

But unweeting Loon, who *West-way* did roam,

I had still been secure, had I bided at Home :

Now with love of dear *Nancy* my Heart runneth o'er;

And the more that I strive, I am tangled the more.

When lonely I wander, my Flock goes astray;

While I fondly sit wishing, swift Time flies away :

With swift flying Time all Nature is born ;

The Lasses all lovely, the Lads all love-lorn !

The Jessmin, the Rose, and the Carnation dye,

And my brighter *Nancy* must withering lie !

Full fain would I guard thee thro' Life, my sweet
Flow'r !

And shelter thee safe from the Wind and the Show'r.

F I N I S.

The following SONG in the Entertainment of the
 FAIR, sung at Covent-Garden Theatre by Mr.
 Beard, in the Character of a Recruiting Serjeant,
 and written by Mr. Paul Whitehead, being much
 admired, we have added it to this COLLECTION.

I N Story we're told
 How our Monarchs of old
 O'er France spread their Royal Domain ;
 But no Annals can show
 Their Pride laid so low,
 As when brave GEORGE the second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek
 Let Fame no more speak
 How their Arms the old World did subdue :
 Thro' the Nations around
 Let our Trumpets now sound
 How Britons have conquer'd the new.

East, West, North and South,
 Our Cannons' loud Mouth
 Shall the Right of our Monarch maintain :
 On America's Strand
 Amberst limit the Land,
 Bescarwen give Law on the Main.

Each Port and each Town
 We still make our own,
 Cape-Breton, Crown-Point, Niagar;
 Guadaloupe, Senegal,
 Quebec's mighty Fall
 Shall prove we've no equal in War.

Though Conflans did boast
 He'd conquer our Coast,

K

Our

Our Thunder soon made Monsieur mute :
 Brave *Hawke* wing'd his Way,
 Then pounc'd on his Prey,
 And gave him an *English* Salute.

At *Minden*, you know.
 How we conquer'd the Foe,
 While homeward their Army now fleers,
 Though, they cry'd, *British* Bands
 Are too hard for our Hands,
Begar we can beat them in Heels.

While our Heroes from home
 For Laurels now roam,
 Should the flat-bottom Boats but appear,
 Our *Militia* shall shew
 No Wooden-shoe Foe
 Can with Freeman in Battle compare.

Our Fortunes and Lives,
 Our Children and Wives,
 To defend, is the Time now or never ;
 Then let each Voluntier
 To the Drum-head repair ———
 King GEORGE and OLD ENGLAND for ever.

